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POLITICS AS A PROFESSION.

THE *Quarterly Review*, in an article entitled "Politics as a Profession," undertakes to show its readers that politics are no longer so good a profession as they used to be, and that, so far as they are worth following as a profession, it is more difficult and more degrading to follow them. An article dealing with current social facts more or less familiar to every one cannot fail to have some truth in it. More especially the *Quarterly* seems to us to be stating only what is incontestable when it points out that persons who take an interest in politics or in special political subjects have now, in an increasing degree, a power of influencing opinion and attaining their object through the periodical press, by writing books, or by lecturing, which makes it very doubtful whether they could do more or even so much by entering the House of Commons, and they gladly avail themselves of any reason for avoiding the expense, worry, and nuisance of a contested election. It is difficult to see what a man who can write when he pleases and what he pleases in a leading daily or weekly newspaper, who has all the society he cares for, who has a competence, but not the large fortune requisite for high office, and does not desire anything from Government, gains by going into the House of Commons. Those, too, who wish to carry any great social reform, to benefit the poor in any particular way, or to fertilize public thought with new ideas, now find that they can do more out of the House, with full liberty to say, write, and do what they please, than they could do in the House, where they must be generally condemned to silence and always to compromises. Far from thinking this, however, to be a loss to the nation, we think it a distinct gain. More people are usefully and happily employed than they would be if a seat in the House was the only way of keeping up an interest in political subjects, or of exercising some gentle kind of political influence. All representative assemblies, too, have inherent defects, such as the difficulty of getting good measures carried through them, which the House of Commons shares with the rest. In England it is only a strong Government, headed by resolute men, that can get Bills of any value passed; but at present there is no reason to think that we are particularly badly off. We have at least got a Government with a fair proportion of able and determined men in it, backed by quite as large a majority as can be held together. The present House, too, inherits some part of that load of electoral iniquity which its predecessors have transmitted to it. Bribery and intimidation have had much more to do with the composition of the House than they ought to have. There are also new evils which have sprung up lately, and in some measure from the extension of the franchise. The necessary and legitimate expenses of candidates are greatly increased by the expansion of the electoral body, and elections have in some places passed too much into the hands of wire-pullers, principally through the operation of the fanciful clause for giving members to minorities. But when all this is said, it remains to be asked what are the special complaints against the House of Commons which make it less worth while than formerly to pursue the profession of politics systematically. The complaints which the *Quarterly* makes are mainly these—that there is an increasing tendency to give power to the domination of cliques, that the best men get degraded by the necessities to which they find themselves subject, and that men with ideas but without means cannot find seats. If there is some truth in these complaints—and there never yet was a representative assembly in any age or country against which something of the sort might not be said—there is at present very much exaggeration in them. The cliques from which danger is alleged to be apprehended are the clique of railway directors and the clique of Irish members swayed by the Romish clergy. There are said to be 120 railway directors in the present House, and railway legislation may again be warped, as it has often been warped already, to suit the Companies rather than the public; and the particular

form of danger which the *Quarterly* anticipates is that some great national question, such as peace or war, may eventually be determined by the refusal or agreement of the Government to buy a particular line. In the same way, it is supposed that the Irish priests may get under their control some day seventy Irish members, and that these seventy members may some day come to vote under direct orders from Rome. The *Quarterly* thinks this more likely to happen soon than it has been at any time since Catholic Emancipation. As this is only a speculation for the future, it is not worth much discussing. But the question to be decided is not whether some clique may not, under some unknown circumstances, exercise a pernicious power, but whether the chance of its doing so makes politics less worth following as a profession than formerly. In the days when politics are supposed to have been really worth following, there were cliques enough and to spare. O'CONNELL's tail was formed, wriggled vigorously behind him, and then fortunately melted away. Has the writer in the *Quarterly* forgotten how the clique of the landowners shouted and voted, under a kind of divine frenzy, when they thought their cows were in danger from the Cattle Plague? Selfish interests and the interests of classes too often in every assembly prevail against justice and wisdom, but a politician must be uncommonly fainthearted who will not enter on his profession for fear lest the English nation should be stopped by railway directors from making peace or war, or by Irish members from upholding religious freedom.

The next reason given for avoiding politics as a profession is that public men are now degraded by having to comply with the exigencies of their party or their constituencies. That there is something of this degradation now to be deplored seems only too probable, and that in past times there has been very much to deplore is certain; but the particular instances selected to show how this degradation tells on eminent men are unfortunate. The instances given are those of Mr. GLADSTONE, who stumped Lancashire, and of Mr. MILL, who patronized BRADLAUGH and BEALES. That Mr. GLADSTONE said a great many unwise and ill-considered things while he was stumping Lancashire, and that there was too much of his endless and passionate oratory at that time of excitement, few even of his admirers would dispute. The only wonder is that a man so sensitive and so excitable did not commit himself even more when he found himself opposed with such bitter hostility, with misrepresentations so flagrant, and by such high-handed domineering over dependents. That the *Quarterly* should be able to show that he used a phrase about Ireland which a judicious person would have guarded by a careful addition, and that he should have stated the fact that the Tories were frightened into a Reform Bill by the pulling down of the Hyde Park railings, without adding that it was of course wrong to pull them down, do not seem very unpardonable offences, considering that he was then fighting a hard fight in a county where the clerical friends of the *Quarterly* were furiously warning their parishioners that, if they voted for Mr. GLADSTONE, Protestant martyrs would soon be burnt again at Smithfield. But, anyhow, all this was entirely Mr. GLADSTONE's own doing. Nobody asked him to stump; he was not yielding to any fatal necessity imposed upon him by any one; the faults and the excellences he displayed were entirely his own. In the same way, whatever errors Mr. MILL committed were entirely voluntary. He sacrificed his seat, and alienated many of his supporters, because he would insist on his own crochets and adhere to his special principles. He has always insisted on the duty of the supreme Legislature to uphold the rights of feeble and inferior races, and he carried this out by prosecuting Mr. EYRE, even after success in prosecuting him had become hopeless. He has always insisted, in his anxiety for the liberty of opinion, on the advantage of encouraging individuals to advance even the most outrageous beliefs, and he showed to what utter extremity he was prepared to follow this out by

making a contribution to the expenses of Mr. BRADLAUGH. But if ever a man acted on his own judgment Mr. MILL did in both these cases. He offended his constituents, he frightened his party, he lost among the philosophical the credit of being a philosopher. In fact, he pleased himself; and a less apposite example of the degradation attending on political subserviency cannot be imagined. If the *Quarterly* wanted to give two instances, not of men who have been corrupted by political life into insincerity, but of men who have created an almost universal impression of their being unusually sincere in the world of politics, and adopting and advocating whatever opinion their reason or fancy may from time to time prompt them to entertain, it could not find better examples than those of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MILL.

That men with ideas and without means cannot now get into Parliament so easily as they once could, when rotten boroughs still existed, is a very familiar fact. We have long ago had to settle whether rotten boroughs should be allowed to continue for the object of providing such men with seats. But the advantage of rotten boroughs to men of this sort can only be properly estimated when we take into consideration the disadvantages to these same men which rotten boroughs entailed. The chief of these disadvantages was that they were led to look on themselves as articles of political value, to be bought by the first or the most willing purchaser. We have lately had lives published of Sir JAMES MACINTOSH, of Lord LYNDEHURST, and Lord BROUGHAM, and it is quite evident that they all started in life as clever politicians, undetermined which side in politics they should take, until they knew which side would provide them with a seat. For many years the Whigs would not provide BROUGHAM with a seat, because they thought they were not sure of him. Now our young men with ideas and without means are at least in this respect born in happier days. They are not kept waiting to learn from the chances of a nomination to a rotten borough what their ideas are; and they may have the satisfaction of believing themselves honest. Whether men with ideas and without means are now, as a matter of fact, kept out of Parliament, it is difficult to say. The answer will depend on what we understand by ideas and means. There are several men of good education and position who have only a small fortune, who have very good abilities, and who would like to get into Parliament, but cannot get in. There are several hundreds of such men, many more than enough to fill the whole House of Commons. As the land, commerce, and the law must engross the vast majority of seats, and as of the few left a proportion ought properly to be held by men with special knowledge, such as that acquired in India or the colonies, the proper scheme of things would be thrown out of balance if more than a few seats were left for the men of ideas. If by ideas we mean the fair average ability of well-educated men, then several candidates possessing this qualification offered themselves at the last election. Some, whose defeat we much regret, were defeated, having in most instances stood on the spur of the moment for places where they had no chance; some succeeded, as if by a miracle, and were welcomed by constituencies the names of which they scarcely knew. Although Berkshire, or Clitheroe, or Chippenham, or Abingdon, or Woodstock, might have been wiser than they were, yet Frome, Dungarvan, the Border Burghs, and Perthshire were strangely kind. If we could have all our wishes gratified, we should certainly wish that the present House contained at least half a dozen more of these men, who may be spoken of as men of ideas, and half a dozen special representatives of the working-classes. If it were not quite so rich and quite so mediocre, it might be a better House, but we see no reason to despair of the present state of things being improved hereafter. That elections should cost less is a point greatly to be desired and earnestly to be striven for. The transfer of election petitions to the Judges promises to work strongly in this direction, and if corrupt local influences can be got rid of or abated, constituencies will begin to look out for men likely to do them credit. A man whom his friends pronounce to be amiable and clever will never be able to rely on dropping down suddenly on a constituency and carrying his election in a quiet gentlemanly way. But men who have real ability, and will count the cost, and are prepared to encounter many mortifications both before and after they are elected, may still hope to follow politics as a profession, and not find themselves more disappointed than they must be in a profession full of disagreeables, poorly rewarded, requiring very special gifts, and only to be recommended to men without means, if they are conscious of unusual powers or are sustained by a profound desire to do good.

BELGIUM.

AN exaggerated importance has been attached to the death of the young Crown Prince of BELGIUM. Exceptional sympathy with the domestic griefs of conspicuous or Royal personages is perfectly natural, for indifference to the troubles of strangers proceeds chiefly from ignorance and want of attention, while the loss of a child who happened to be heir to a throne in some degree impresses the imagination; and a transient feeling of compassion unconsciously suggests a fear that some public interest is concerned in the event. The extinction of the Saxon dynasty in Belgium, even if it is not destined to survive the present generation, is still, it may be hoped, remote; nor can it be reasonably expected that thirty or forty years hence the fortunes of the nation will depend on the accident of hereditary succession. A similar period has elapsed since the crown was accepted by Prince LEOPOLD, then a middle-aged and childless widower. It is still probable that the reigning sovereign or his brother may leave male issue, and if the Belgians should, towards the end of the present century, be in search of a King, the COBURG family is not likely to have disappeared from Europe. Spain is at this moment engaged in the same operation under greater difficulties; for the candidate who may be chosen by the Cortes will be regarded by a part of the population as a usurper, and there will be two or three sets of Pretenders ready on every convenient occasion to question his title. To some Spanish politicians the choice of a dynasty seems so easy and ordinary a transaction that they think it desirable to appoint, in the person of ESPARTERO, a provisional occupant of the throne. No such fantastic scheme would be likely to find favour in Belgium, where there will be abundance of time for considering the nomination of a successor when it has become certain that the male line of the reigning House is about to become extinct. The danger which is really apprehended is, not that it will be impossible to find a King, but that the kingdom will be absorbed in the dominions of a powerful neighbour. The time has long passed when States, like private properties, derived their unity from their owners, or became by marriage and bequest parts of larger agglomerations of territory. It was in this way that Brabant and Flanders passed from their indigenous dynasty to Burgundy, from Burgundy, through Austria, to Spain, and ultimately again to Austria; but the precedent is wholly obsolete. The annexation of the Austrian Netherlands to the French Republic and Empire reminds Belgian patriots of a more urgent cause of anxiety.

It was only by a happy accident that the Earldom of Flanders escaped, at the close of the middle ages, from becoming a province of France. The power of the Dukes of BURGUNDY, and of the Spanish and German branches of the House of Austria, alone secured the separate existence which has since grown into permanent or temporary independence. The establishment of a powerful monarchy or republic in the Low Countries was unfortunately prevented in the first instance by the final adhesion, during the Dutch War of Independence, of the Flemish and Walloon districts to Spain and to Rome; and, two centuries and a half later, by the failure of the most hopeful experiment of the Congress of Vienna. The fault may perhaps have lain with the Dutch, or with the family of ORANGE; and it was undoubtedly difficult to mould into a single nation two races of different language and religion; but if Holland and Belgium could have been content to retain even a federal union with one another, there would have been no question of risk from the ambitious designs attributed to Prussia or to France. Both countries are free, wealthy, and industrious, nor are their interests in any way reciprocally antagonistic. Of late years they have both been disposed to abandon their ancient jealousies, and some Belgian politicians hold that the separation in 1830 was a mistake; but even if reunion were otherwise probable, it would be impracticable, because it would be forbidden by France. The small State of Belgium, with half its population speaking French, is easier to deal with than a Kingdom of the Netherlands, although there may be no direct or immediate intention of profiting by its inability to defend itself. The project of including Belgium within the French Customs' frontier was suggested by the renewal of the Zollverein after the establishment of the North German Confederation. Frenchmen are perhaps scarcely to be blamed for the mistaken belief that the German States have no closer bond of union than the ties of language, religion, and neighbourhood, which connect France with Belgium or with parts of Switzerland. All the changes which have occurred during ten years in Europe, although they are for the most part beneficial in

themselves, endanger the independence of minor States. The fiction of the equality of sovereigns among themselves, and the theory of the balance of power, have simultaneously gone out of fashion.

There is no reason to apprehend that, during the reign of NAPOLEON III., there will be any attempt to annex Belgium to France by main force; nor will the contrivance of universal suffrage be applied until there is plausible reason for assuming the consent of a large part of the population. The most imminent danger to Belgian independence is threatened by the dissensions of two parties which are almost equally balanced. In no other country except Ireland is the priesthood so fanatical, or so powerful among its own adherents, as in Belgium, while the not less numerous Liberal party is united in resistance to clerical pretensions and encroachments. Behind political differences there is often a common stock of opinions and of interests, which limits the field of contest; but ecclesiastical and secular predominance are incompatible, and a struggle between their respective advocates always tends to become internecine. Loyalty and patriotism are regarded by sacerdotal politicians as subordinate considerations; and, on the other hand, modern democracy affects a cosmopolitan character. Almost any French Government has opportunities and excuses for encouraging either party. As the eldest son of the Church, or as the heir and representative of the Revolution, a French Emperor may with equal facility assume the patronage of orthodoxy, or of anti-clerical Liberalism. The protector of Rome has sometimes been denounced as a new PONTIUS PILATE, and only a year ago he was publicly prayed at with unusual virulence by the POPE himself; but, since the defection of Austria and Spain, he is the most orthodox of European sovereigns in his relations to the Holy See. If the conflict of parties in Belgium at any time degenerates into civil strife, the defeated faction may probably invite foreign interference. Apostasy of this kind would be fatal to a disaffected minority in Spain, or even in Switzerland; but between France and Belgium there are neither Alps nor Pyrenees. In a not impossible contingency, French sentiment may perhaps demand compensation for the further aggrandizement of a neighbouring State which is already considered too powerful; and as the German provinces on the left bank of the Rhine are finally out of reach, popular covetousness will perhaps be directed to an easier acquisition, which, according to common report, was suggested in 1866 by the Prussian Minister to the Emperor NAPOLEON. The coincidence of excitement in France with an application for aid by the Clerical or Liberal party in Belgium might probably lead to decisive and lamentable results. The best chance for Belgian independence will be found in the adjournment of a crisis which may perhaps, in an altered state of circumstances, cease to be dangerous.

The continuance or expiration of the dynasty of LEOPOLD can scarcely affect the prospects of Belgium. A constitutional King could scarcely offer any serious impediment to annexation, and a casual vacancy of the throne would, according to modern notions, furnish but a feeble pretext for foreign encroachment. It has been oddly suggested that the future marriage of the EMPEROR'S son to a Belgian Princess might involve the absorption of Belgium into France; but the constituent legislators of 1830 prudently guarded against the danger by confining the right of succession exclusively to males. As a daughter of the present KING or of the Count of FLANDERS could make no claim to the Crown, it is evident that she could not convey any title to her husband. Great monarchies can afford to adopt any convenient rule of succession, and in England Queens regnant have been popular; but States which are in any degree liable to be annexed, or to be reduced to a condition of dependence, ought to abide rigorously by the Salic law. The Revolution which drove the male line from the Spanish throne enabled LOUIS PHILIPPE and M. GUIZOT to contrive their notorious plot for providing an Orleanist appanage and a new family alliance. No similar risk would be incurred even if the absurd system of premature betrothal were revived in the case of King LEOPOLD'S daughter. The KING himself, though he was formerly said to be too much under the influence of the priests, has hitherto not abandoned the impartiality on which his father's just reputation was mainly founded. The popularity of his name will, with prudent conduct, secure his throne as long as the people are satisfied with their actual form of government, and with their independent position; but the son of an elected ruler has no divine right which could be placed in competition with any general desire for revolutionary change. It may well happen that time will solve by some unexpected method the problems which perplex Belgian politicians.

EARL RUSSELL'S LAST LETTER.

EARL RUSSELL has his place in the great economy of English politics. His function certainly is not that of a pilot fish, as has been said, or of a pilot balloon either; at least we sincerely hope that he does not represent the policy, or want of policy, of the Government on the Irish Church question. His place is much more like that of a buoy showing the set of currents, and telling of the perilous rocks and shallows. Where Earl RUSSELL is, there is danger; and at just those spots where the surf breaks and the eddies boil round Earl RUSSELL, tossing and pitching at an uneasy anchorage, the ship of the State had better keep a clear offing. "Pembroke Lodge, February 3, 1868." "Pembroke Lodge, January 18, 1869." "My dear FORTESCUE." Poor dear FORTESCUE indeed! What if he had been influenced, what if we had any of us been influenced—and, still worse, what if any of us are to be influenced—by the great epistolographer? Twelve months ago Earl RUSSELL proposed the disestablishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but maintained its claim for retaining an endowment to the amount of one-eighth of its present revenues. Moreover, he proposed the co-ordinate endowment of the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian communions out of funds to be obtained from the remaining seven-eighths of the Irish Church property. As everybody knows, this plan was no novelty, and it had just been recommended by Earl GREY, who inherited the principle of it from Mr. PITT. But in a few weeks Earl RUSSELL found that nobody would have this Eirenicon, sensible as it was; that to suggest it was now too late; moreover, that it was damaged because the Tory Government were likely to adopt it; and because, perhaps on this very account, Mr. GLADSTONE had declared for a policy which not only proclaimed disestablishment, but disendowment, and not only disendowment, but alienation of all Church funds from sectarian purposes, together with a withdrawal of the small alms and subsidies which had been given to the two non-established communions. That is to say, Mr. GLADSTONE hoisted the standard of Voluntarism. Earl RUSSELL, while accepting Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy in a second letter to dear FORTESCUE, again explained, apologized for, eulogized, and all but proposed his old—or Lord GREY'S—plan. And now he is much, as it seems, where he was. He is all for Mr. GLADSTONE, and all for his own favourite scheme; all for himself and all for everybody else; he is for disestablishment, and even for disendowment, but for a disendowment which looks very like disendowment first and re-endowment afterwards. There is to be secularization, because it is a constitutional principle for the State to strip the old Church whenever the State pleases; and here the great principle by which Woburn Abbey is a Bedford estate is maintained. But then the State, like DORCAS, is to make up new coats and garments, not so large and cumbersome as the old ones, but warranted to fit well and suit the prevailing fashion; and the Episcopalian Protestants, after all, are not to be turned out to perish in the cold. Earl RUSSELL may well say that he cannot congratulate himself on being "precise as to disendowment"; and when he complains that "there seems to have been some confusion in the Resolutions of the House of Commons on this subject," we are tempted to add that the fog and haze must have spread into the Upper House, and the confusion must have confused Earl RUSSELL himself.

But this is always the case. Confused and uncertain reasoners always accuse the intelligence of their hearers; and, because Earl RUSSELL has not made up his mind, he thinks that the majority of the House of Commons and the constituencies—and, as he addresses the Irish Secretary, perhaps the PREMIER and his colleagues—have not either. And his letter must be intended, if for anything, to assist the judgment of the Lower House, perhaps of Mr. GLADSTONE himself. No doubt it may have this effect, that from its pages may be culled, by every section of politicians, something to strengthen or to favour their conclusions. For it is not so much that Earl RUSSELL has not made up his mind on the great question of the day, but he has made up twenty minds on it. He is not to be charged with coming to a lame and impotent conclusion, since he has come to half a dozen conclusions, and not one of them lame and impotent. He is impartial; but only in the sense that he appears to agree with everybody, and to have a good word for everybody and everything. Black is black and very black; white unquestionably white; but both black and white have much to be said for them. This is reassuring, and full of political wisdom, when every party and section of politicians has come to the conclusion that the only alternative is black or white. However, the statesman who adopted the Appropriation Clause, entered office pledged to carry it, and contentedly remained in office without carrying it, may now be pardoned if, after more than thirty years of this

sort of experience, he sees no inconsistency in advocating Mr. GLADSTONE's policy, and with the same breath recommending us—not without plausible, and to many people irrefragable, arguments—to accept that very ground which Mr. GLADSTONE has cut away from his own, EARL RUSSELL's, and everybody's feet.

Thus EARL RUSSELL insists on the policy of redistributing the Irish ecclesiastical revenues. The Regium Donum and the Maynooth endowments are to be reviewed, reappropriated, but by no means to be withdrawn. It is neither logical nor equitable, because the Irish Church is to be disestablished, that the Presbyterians and Romanists are to be robbed or impoverished; and why so? because the first duty of the State, according to my LORD MACAULAY, is to provide for the religious and moral wellbeing of the community. A pregnant and forcible principle by which—or we have misread every book and misconstrued every discussion on Church and State—endowments always, and establishments for the most part, have been vindicated. To provide for the religious wants of the people is a duty enforced by natural religion, and recommended apart from revelation. So EARL RUSSELL argues, and, after his wont, falls back upon his books. There is quite a catena of authorities on this head; to mention no others, PLATO, POLYBIUS, and CICERO, all Greek and all Roman philosophy. But religion is now Christian; therefore, with the full light of Christianity beaming upon us, we must take care that this light shines before men. Of this light the Churches of ROME and GENEVA, of LUTHER, CALVIN, and CRANMER, are all—and, EARL RUSSELL hardly seems to deny, equally—the candlesticks. This sacred light we must take care to kindle on every hill. EARL RUSSELL sees it glowing and blazing under the gorgeous dome of St. Peter's, and ennobling with as true a radiance the Scotch moorside where the persecuted Presbyterian worshipped without a roof over his head. This light is now obscured by the progress of sceptical opinions, and of a rationalism denounced equally by Bishop DUPANLOUP and Dr. MACLEOD. Here is our danger alike and our duty—our danger that "Christianity itself" runs the risk of being extinguished by sceptical opinions, our duty to see that it is not extinguished. Impressed with these sentiments—and they are shared in, or at any rate expressed quite as forcibly, if not with such eloquence, by Mr. DISRAELI and Lord CAIRNS as by Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE's correspondent—EARL RUSSELL "approaches the question of disendowment"; and then he elaborately broaches a complicated scheme for giving all the three communions funds and property and temporal means, which certainly look very like endowments, whatever they may be called. First, there is the claim on behalf of the present Establishment based on prescription. Prescription may have its bigoted side, and prescription might have been pleaded on behalf of the Druids; but prescription is not all bad. Indeed, the argument from prescription is a very bad argument as against leaving the present Establishment with its existing funds, but no argument at all against presenting the same body with new funds. This, if we understand it, is EARL RUSSELL's reasoning, and it seems to be very like BALAAM constrained to bless when he wanted to curse. And so far does EARL RUSSELL allow himself to be carried by his zealous recognition of the wrong which would be inflicted on the Irish Church by confiscation, that he frankly, in the very teeth of what he calls a hustings' chorus against the anomalies and the abuses of that Church, declares that "these 'anomalies and abuses are in reality among the most useful 'parts of the Establishment.' And with a boldness, not to say audacity, which would surprise the world in anybody but EARL RUSSELL, he defends, and not only defends, but extols, the spectacle of a Protestant clergyman, with a congregation of two or ten or twenty persons, surrounded by a Roman Catholic population of four or five thousand. Such a clergyman is not without his use; his church ought not to fall to ruin; his glebe house is not to be emptied; he is not to be improved off the face of the earth as an anomaly, still less as an abuse.

Now we all know who rushes in where who fears to tread. We are not going to say a word about fools or angels. There is very little of fool, or angel, either about EARL RUSSELL or Mr. DISRAELI; but we much doubt whether this argument which EARL RUSSELL—who is for disendowment—offers will ever be urged by the most fervent champion of endowment. After this broad and expansive vindication of the principle of an endowed Establishment, applied to the most crucial and damaging instance, it is almost superfluous to go into EARL RUSSELL's details; or to note that he would consequently maintain all the churches and all the glebe-houses (and, we suppose, glebes too) of the disestablished Establishment, and would further supply the Romanist and Presby-

terian communities with churches and parsonages out of the present ecclesiastical funds of Ireland. EARL RUSSELL would not only build these edifices, but would assign funds for their repairs and perpetual maintenance. This he would do as a statesman; and as a religious man he would maintain a clergyman with a flock of two, as a breakwater against the flood of sceptical opinions. Whether all this would be right and politic we are not now saying; but that it should be seriously put forward by a sincere advocate of Mr. GLADSTONE, can only be accounted for by the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE's advocate is EARL RUSSELL, and that we have had some experience of EARL RUSSELL's peculiar method of recommending his friends' and his own principles. It is but a trifling objection to this plan that it proposes for these purposes to assign to each of the three communions exactly the same sum—namely, 120,000*l.* a year—whereas the numbers of the three communions still stand at six-eighths, one-eighth, and one-eighth respectively. After having sponged up most of the ecclesiastical revenues for those strictly ecclesiastical purposes to which, as one believes—but of course one is wrong, or EARL RUSSELL is wrong, and for EARL RUSSELL to be wrong is an impossibility—Mr. GLADSTONE has pledged himself and his followers that they are not to be applied, it is poor work in EARL RUSSELL to be very precise and minute in doling out the crumbs and fragments that remain to some ideal aged couples basking in almshouses, or to the imaginary orphan babes and sucklings, the ideal and poetical children of involuntary poverty, who are at present in the workhouse.

Qualis ab incepto. EARL RUSSELL is EARL RUSSELL still. He thinks that he is the most practical of statesmen, while he is what the French call a mere *idéologue*. He affects to be original; which he may be, only that EARL GREY, Mr. BENCE JONES, Mr. TRENCH, and everybody else, has been before him. He reads them all, admires them all, admits what everybody says; and then considers himself to be very impartial, because he sees that everybody is right, and that the very opposite arguments to theirs are all right too. But then it is a question about Ireland; and EARL RUSSELL knows that, to solve an Irish difficulty, the best way is to make confusion worse confounded than ever. This EARL RUSSELL has done, and not for the first time; but his latest triumph in this curious art of statesmanship is assuredly his greatest.

THE TRIAL OF ELECTION PETITIONS.

PECULIAR constituencies require peculiar candidates. There is the constituency in which, time out of mind, an election has been an occasion for a general spree, when beer and whisky are drunk as freely as water might be drunk at all times, when every attorney is expected to put every friend up to something more or less good, and when the British elector can safely reckon on attaining that culminating glory of having first drunk himself very drunk with the liquor of both parties, and, having pocketed the half-sovereigns of both parties, staggers to the poll and blurts out the name that accident suggests to him. A constituency of this kind wants a candidate of a jovial, generous, confiding temperament. As the constituents put it, they like a gentleman as is a gentleman; and when their emissaries have got hold, as they think, of the man to suit them, they invite him to come down and see the place. The leading local attorney of the party welcomes him with delight, and the candidate shows his sense of what is due in return by placing a cheque for a sum—not large, but still of satisfactory amount—in the hands of his new friend. But he is most cautious and explicit in directing that the money is only to go for the most clearly legal purposes. He will have nothing to do with corrupt practices, and as to bribery, it must be most distinctly understood that not one farthing is to be spent in that way. An account must be rendered of the money advanced, and vouchers kept for everything paid, that he may be sure nothing wrong has been done. His only object in advancing the money is to show that he is in earnest in the good cause, and that he is sufficiently solvent to meet the legitimate expenses that must fall on him, including, of course, the bill of his attentive host. The attorney thoroughly enters into his views, promises obedience, and the two apostles of purity proceed to walk about the town. The candidate is introduced to every one, is most pleasant and civil, is willing to talk anywhere and on anything; and as many of his supporters are in the habit of frequenting public-houses, he cannot do better than go there to seek them. He talks most affably to them, and shows that he too has heard the chimes at midnight; but he says, with a fall in his voice, that the pleasure of paying for their beer is denied him, and that, as their future member, he cannot do what as a private

gentleman he would have done with infinite satisfaction. The result is, if all has gone off well, that it is pronounced he will do. He is decreed to be the right man in the right place. Who it is that pronounces this decree no one can pretend to say, unless they know who is the dark abysmal person that keeps himself entirely out of sight and prominence, but really manages the election. The word goes forth. The candidate has been found in whom it is safe to speculate. Instantly beer begins to flow, every one is a committeeman or a friend of a committeeman, or wants to know something or say something, and naturally needs refreshment. Money circulates freely. Obscure attorneys' clerks, petty publicans, insolvent tradesmen, go about with pockets full of money. Any one who wishes for a job can be hired as a messenger or a watcher, or as a watcher to watch the other watchers. A profuse expenditure is evidently going on, but the candidate does not contribute a farthing towards it, nor does his agent, nor does any one of his own circle. He is elected, we will say, and a petition is presented against his return, and he comes forward with a clear conscience and swears, not only that he has not spent a halfpenny illegally, but that he most positively directed that not a halfpenny should be spent illegally on his behalf. His agent corroborates these assertions, and even if he loses his seat he is very properly complimented by the Judge on his own immunity from reproach. But most probably there is no petition, and he holds his seat undisturbed; or a petition may be presented, and the petitioner has to withdraw it, or fails because he can get no satisfactory evidence. All is serene, and possibly for a year or so he hears nothing more about the cost of the election. Then he receives an intimation that on fuller examination it appears that all accounts were not quite settled, that in point of fact two or three thousand pounds are wanting to make things square, and that probably he will agree in thinking it best to settle the thing quietly, to draw a cheque for a round sum, and to have no more trouble about the matter. The whole of the enthusiastic and lavish proceedings on his behalf have been conducted on the speculation that when the critical time comes he will draw this cheque, and things will be quietly squared. The speculators may have mistaken their man; he may turn round on them and refuse to give them a shilling, and then they have to bear the loss, and they set to work to find for the next election the ideal candidate, the absolutely heroic man, the free-handed gentleman who, when in due time he is asked to square up quietly, will give enough to square up, not only what has been done for him, but for his predecessor. If no such man can be found, and until he can be found, the speculators lose; but in their low way they are generally shrewd men, and are, it may be presumed, right sufficiently often to find the game a paying one.

Such a constituency was Bewdley, and such a candidate some of the naughty people of Bewdley evidently thought they had got in Sir RICHARD GLASS. He seemed exactly the right man for the place. He came down, gave an encouraging cheque to a friendly attorney, and perambulated the town in a gay, joyous, cheery manner. He showed himself to be one of those people who have the happy art of enlivening and animating the society in which they happen to find themselves. Satisfactory evidence was offered to show that he did not during his canvassing "The Jolly Thieves," for there is no such song; but there were people at Bewdley perhaps, who, in their delight with his ways and turns of manner, fancied that if there had been such a song he would have sung it. The decree went forth that Sir RICHARD was to be trusted, and Bewdley was itself again. As Mr. Justice WILLES said, "Bewdley ran 'with beer.'" Public-houses were opened on a scale of magnificent profusion which, in the poetic language of the judge, turned them from being mere places of refreshment into honeypots to catch electoral flies. Hundreds of excellent, useful people were engaged as watchers. The election was all that an election ought to be, and the right man was returned triumphantly, and, what was most satisfactory, he was returned without having spent a shilling illegally. But unfortunately a petition was presented, and he has been unseated, and this time the speculators will find their speculation a bad one. Even if there had been no petition, the speculation would, we take for granted, have been equally bad. Sir RICHARD GLASS would have refused to square up the balance quietly, but that he would have been asked to do so he can no more doubt now, we presume, than any one else can doubt. He would have refused, but there was something in his gallant bearing and pleasant ways of going on that misled the Bewdley people, and made them risk their money as HARDIMENT risked his, when he drew 200*l.* just before the poll closed to return Sir HENRY STRACEY for Norwich. The whole plan of operations would succeed if

the right men were selected as candidates, and if it were found possible to prevent some of the distributors of the good things given away from coming within the sweeping law of agency. The present system of trying election petitions undoubtedly tends to discourage schemes of the sort. The rapidity with which the judge lays down and applies the law, the facility with which an investigation on the spot is conducted, the possibility of strengthening a case by many witnesses when a few only could have been carried to London, and the knowledge that everything revealed is published in all the papers the next morning, and read all over the kingdom, must make unscrupulous agents pause. But we must not expect that the new system will do all that could be wished. There is a weak point in the scheme of checking bribery by petitions, which we now are beginning to perceive. Petition after petition is being withdrawn, because the petitioners cannot get evidence or cannot afford the expense. The expense of fighting a petition is very heavy, and in many cases the petition has been presented by persons whose chief object has been merely to attain a public good, and put down illegal practices at elections. But public spirit will not go beyond a certain point. People will subscribe a certain sum to have the truth made known without private advantage to themselves, but they will not double their subscriptions. If the money can be got, it is still sometimes impossible to get the necessary evidence; as a rule, it has to be bought, and the price is very high. A man will ask 50*l.* to come and swear that he took half-a-sovereign at the time of the election. He is considered something of a spy and a traitor; he is playing false to those whose bribes he took; and above all, he is proving himself a bad townsman, who is willing to let all the secrets of the borough be revealed, and have it exposed to odium, and perhaps to disfranchisement. For this loss of social position the man who peaches wishes to be paid, and 50*l.* appears to be the lowest for which an informer will agree to be held nefarious by a set of neighbours who see no harm whatever in taking a bribe. The petitioner cannot, speaking pecuniarily, lay out 50*l.* better than in buying the evidence of a man who can really prove bribery by an agent; but then the petitioner finds that most of those who will take the 50*l.* cannot give evidence that amounts nearly to this, and after infinite trouble and the unpleasantness of driving nasty bargains with the scum of society, he finds that he has got hold of the wrong people, and his petition is a failure.

That the terror of these trials by Judges was not sufficient beforehand to prevent things being done at some elections on the most magnificent scale is amply proved by the instances of Bradford and Dublin. Mr. RIPLEY, who was elected at Bradford, must be as nice a candidate in some ways as an attorney could wish. He did not pay any money, but he opened an unlimited credit at a bank in favour of a local lawyer, who drew what he pleased, and his drawings reached the handsome sum of upward of 7,000*l.* Of course all this went in what were considered legal expenses; but then Mr. RIPLEY was contesting Bradford under very peculiar circumstances, and had consequently to bear legal expenses of a very peculiar kind. There is a part of Bradford inhabited chiefly by Irish, and as the Irish were not quite satisfied with Mr. RIPLEY's views, it was suspected that they would all vote against him. It was accordingly considered wise and necessary to form what were termed neutralizing committees, the object and duty of which should be to go among the Irish and persuade them to be at least neutral, and not to vote against Mr. RIPLEY even if they could not be induced to vote for him. But neutralizing Irishmen is dry work, and so a hundred and sixty-four public-houses were engaged and kept open in the most liberal manner as schools or centres of neutrality. Nor was there any of that invidious distinction between committeemen and others which so often creates jealousies and tends to interrupt the harmony of a public-house; for all danger of ill-feeling on this head was entirely avoided by the simple expedient of putting everybody on the committee. If it cannot be said of Dublin, as of Bewdley, that it ran beer, it may certainly be said metaphorically of Dublin that it ran porter. A strong current of extra stout flowed with all its fertilizing and animating properties through the constituency. It is only at Dublin that we have got back to the old days of men in the moon and mysterious strangers. Voters who were considered safe to swim with the tide of "GUINNESS" were supplied with a ticket cut out of an old book of unused railway foils, so that, if any one saw the ticket, it looked merely like a pass. This ticket was taken to a dingy room in a dingy house, and, as its holder traversed the room from one door to the other, an arm draped in black came out of a small side enclosure, and, while perfect silence was preserved, tendered an

envelope. The voter opened his envelope when he got safely outside, and to his delight and surprise found it contained a 5*l.* note. And notes of this description were so plentiful, that they were apparently bestowed in many instances on people who had no notion of asking for them, and who would have voted as they did for nothing, or for one-twentieth of what they got. As judgment has not yet been pronounced in the Dublin case, it would be premature to discuss whether any means can be imagined to prevent the recurrence of doings so scandalous. But the Judges, as they gain experience, throw out hints of what they think would be improvements in the law, and their opinion will have great weight. Doing away with nominations is a small but an obvious improvement, and one that can be easily effected without loss to any one. It is said that it would be a loss to prevent the possibility of any one standing up to the last moment. But this is only a verbal objection. There must be a last moment sometime or other, and there is no advantage in fixing the hour when the returning-officer opens the proceedings on the day of nomination as the last moment, more than any hour a day or two days before. In fact the day of nomination is now practically the last moment now in large constituencies, for it would be impossible that voting-cards should be printed and distributed by the next morning. It has also evidently entered the minds of the Judges that the system of having paid canvassers is altogether bad and unnecessary, and that many of the worst evils of election flow from the meetings of paid canvassers of a humble order in public-houses. We must wait until the experience derived from the trial of the petitions yet to be heard furnishes ample material for discussion, but it is evident that the Act of last Session is destined to receive some very important alterations and additions.

NEW ZEALAND.

THE detailed accounts of the New Zealand disasters confirm the telegraphic summary. It is not certain whether the native insurrection on the west coast was connected with the murderous attack on the settlement at Poverty Bay, which is two hundred miles distance from the scene of the unsuccessful skirmish of the 7th of November. On the 9th of the same month several scattered houses in the Poverty Bay district were attacked before daybreak by the Maori convicts who had recently escaped from Chatham Island. Belonging to the fanatical sect of Hau-haus, the assailants killed men, women, and children indiscriminately, and they afterwards burned the homesteads of their victims. The whole district, which, notwithstanding its unpromising name, is said to be one of the finest in the Northern Island, is for the present utterly ruined; and it is almost a relief to find that the whole number of persons killed amounts only to thirty-seven, including nine friendly natives. A massacre by savages, however shocking, is neither surprising nor instructive, for wild men must be expected to act after their nature; and the only moral to be deduced from the misfortune is the necessity of vigilant self-defence. It is satisfactory to be informed that there have subsequently been two engagements at Poverty Bay, in which the rebels who were concerned in the massacre suffered severe loss. Similar collisions take place wherever barbarous tribes come into conflict with civilized colonists. The Indian territory of the United States is incessantly disturbed by attacks on settlers, alternating with acts of vengeance on the wrongdoers, or on others of the same colour. In Southern Africa the Dutch farmers carry on an incessant war with the Kaffirs, especially in the districts which have been abandoned by the English Government. The escaped convicts from Chatham Island were desperate from their first landing; and they may possibly have derived encouragement from the tidings of successful insurrection in the West. To the utmost of their power they have accelerated the inevitable extinction of their race; for angry colonists will be inclined to hold all Maoris, or at least all native insurgents, responsible for the Poverty Bay massacre. The adoption of a new-fangled and absurd religion by the so-called Hau-haus is another serious misfortune. When a European has occasion to kill a negro or an Indian, his conscience secures additional repose if he can persuade himself that the object of his antipathy has no claim to Christian privileges. It was on the pretext of Paganism, and not of blackness of skin, that Africans were first enslaved by the Portuguese; and long afterwards the Spanish clergy vainly insisted on the right of Christian converts to liberation. Politicians who might have been supposed to have relieved themselves of religious prejudices are constantly insisting on the

iniquity of protecting Mahomedans against Christian encroachments; and, indeed, of allowing unbelieving Turks to protect themselves. The Poverty Bay massacre appears to have been somewhat more destructive than the unhappy outbreak of 1865 in Jamaica; and the purpose of the rebels was more deliberately formed. There is too much reason to fear that, although a large section of the Maori population is friendly to the colonists, the violence perpetrated at Poverty Bay will long serve as an excuse for indiscriminate hostility.

In the war which has commenced so inauspiciously, the prowess of the Maoris as usual commands respect. The estimates of the number of native combatants are seldom trustworthy, inasmuch as it is not the habit of New Zealand warriors to exhibit their strength in the open field. Their singular aptitude for the art of fortification, combined with their remarkable courage, has constantly enabled them to meet Volunteers, and even regular troops, on equal terms. The late defeat of the armed constabulary under Colonel WHITMORE was, according to custom, incurred in an attack on a *pahi*, or Maori redoubt. There is no apparent reason to suspect the commanding officer of exceptional incapacity, or the colonial force of slackness; for the first line seems to have attacked the fortress with spirit and energy. The natives, taking due advantage of the cover which they had prepared for themselves, repelled the attack by a fire which threw the troops into confusion, and they even pursued the retreating enemy until they approached an earthwork which had been prudently thrown up to meet the contingency of a reverse. If some of the accounts may be trusted, the natives received large reinforcements in the midst of the skirmish; but, having effected their immediate object, they declined to await a second assault. Colonel WHITMORE afterwards occupied the deserted fortress without resistance, and all who have had experience of New Zealand warfare understand the barrenness of the triumph. It is not unlikely that the small colonial force will be dispirited by the misadventure, although the officers and men may console themselves by the recollection that English regular troops have often been equally unfortunate.

The local Government, having apparently found a difficulty in levying forces at home, has sent agents to some of the Australian colonies for the purpose of enlisting Volunteers; and at Melbourne the experiment has partially succeeded. The Government of Victoria suggested that one part of an Imperial regiment which happened to be stationed in the colony should be transferred to New Zealand; but the commanding officer could scarcely decide on such a movement without direct orders from England. As long as there was a strong garrison in New Zealand, successive Assemblies and Ministries were constantly in the habit of asserting their ability and willingness to protect themselves. The withdrawal of the troops was at last amicably arranged, and the policy of the Mother-country and of the colony could not be reversed without much inconvenience; nor does Lord GRANVILLE's language at St. James's Hall hold out any prospect that it will be reversed. European settlers in countries partly occupied by savage tribes are habitually jealous of the presence of a regular army, which, in consideration of the protection which it affords, naturally claims the right of regulating the conditions of border warfare. The English inhabitants of New Zealand have now entire discretion in conducting affairs of peace or war with the Maoris; nor can any failure be attributed to the unseasonable scruples or mistaken policy of the Colonial Office. Notwithstanding the checks which have been often experienced, it would be absurd to suppose that the colonists are not able eventually to repress the disaffection of the natives, whom they already outnumber. Many of the Maoris are friendly or peaceable; and there is no difficulty in organizing native troops to aid in the suppression of insurrection. Uncivilized tribes have, fortunately, but a feeble sense of national unity; and hitherto there has been no general league against the English power. The most intelligent chiefs are well aware that the continued existence of their race will only be rendered possible by the permanent establishment of friendly relations with the intruders; for it must long since have become evident that the actual settlers are too powerful to be extirpated, even if there were not beyond the sea an unknown multitude of possible immigrants to supply their places. The soreness which is caused by the spread of the English population into new districts is not aggravated, as in the Indian districts of North America, by injury to hunting grounds. The Maori, like the European, requires the possession of land only for pasture and cultivation.

In the accounts which have thus far been received from New Zealand, there is nothing to show that the war has assumed a formidable character. The Hau-hau fanatics are distrusted and disliked by the more enlightened portion of their own country-

men, including all the genuine converts to Christianity. The leader who in the last war assumed the title of King has not yet taken a part in the present struggle, either because he disapproves of its objects, or through a reasonable doubt of its success. A repetition of military disasters might probably cause the rebellion to spread; but it may be hoped that experience will ultimately suggest to some capable officer the proper mode of dealing with a New Zealand fortress. The ships of war which have assembled on the coast will supply the colonists with competent advisers, and, if necessary, with the handiest of gunners. The most unpretending civilian cannot but conjecture that strongholds which almost always repel an assault might be shelled or surrounded, or otherwise rendered innocuous, without useless sacrifice of life and reputation.

If the disturbances prove to be comparatively insignificant, or if they are promptly suppressed, the success of the New Zealand Government will cause sincere gratification in England. No other colony is, for various reasons, regarded with a warmer interest, although it happens that New Zealand occupies almost the remotest portion of the globe. It may reasonably be expected that the English population of a group of islands in a temperate climate will enjoy a civilization and prosperity not unworthy of their descent and of their material advantages. Their progress would be still more satisfactory if it were found to be compatible with the existence and advancement of the native tribes. Although Englishmen have little tendency to amalgamate with alien races, the Maoris appear to be in many respects more open to improvement than any other uncivilized tribes.

FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE Yellow Book which annually puts the French Legislature in possession of such facts concerning the foreign policy of the Empire as it is thought expedient for it to know is on this occasion of less than usual interest. The only important negotiations in which France has been engaged during 1868 are those that preceded the meeting of the Conference, and even the excerpts from these which it will be ultimately thought safe to publish are necessarily withheld for the present. In the volume as it stands there is not a single document which can be said to give any information, since even the four despatches which constitute the published communications between Paris and Florence during the last twelve months reveal no new fact. They do, however, serve to foreshadow, in a vague and imperfect way, the course which the Imperial Government may be expected to take on the affairs of Rome. Throughout the past year the Governments of France and Italy have been in a state of intermittent correspondence upon the occupation of the Pontifical territory by French troops. It appears, from a despatch of General MENABREA, that as far back as the 19th of last January the EMPEROR recognised the necessity of extricating the Roman question from the precarious and dangerous condition in which it is now placed. Admissions of this kind are so often made to do duty for, rather than to usher in, any further action, that we are not surprised to find, from the despatch which closes the series, that up to the 31st of October M. DE MOUSTIER had not advanced beyond this point. The Yellow Book does not enable us to determine whether the more pronounced Italian sympathies of M. DE LAVALETTE have availed to invest the recognition of this fact with a more practical character, but in the absence of evidence it is pretty safe to assume that no such change has taken place. Nor is it likely that General MENABREA's declaration that in the then unexcited state of public feeling—he is speaking of January, 1868—a European Conference might profitably have been convened to give the Roman question a definitive and satisfactory solution was ever meant to be taken seriously. Something more than a mere quiet interval is needed to put the relations between Rome and Italy on a footing of lasting amity. So long as contradictory pretensions are maintained on both sides, the situation is beyond the scope of diplomacy. Accident or violence may bring about the absolute defeat of either party, but the compromise which seems to be the natural conclusion of the controversy can only become possible through a mutual change of attitude of which at present there is no indication.

Still the semblance of doing something had to be kept up on both sides, and in this first despatch General MENABREA replies to the French invitation that he should suggest a scheme for the amelioration of the existing relations between Italy and the Holy See by the establishment of a *modus vivendi*. The proposals of the Italian Minister were in effect that the Convention of the 15th of September, 1864, should be rehabilitated—that Italy should again undertake to prevent

any attack on the Papal States from without, and should assume her share of the Pontifical debt, and that, in consideration of this engagement, France should forthwith withdraw her troops from the Roman territory. The French Government was further asked to use its influence with the POPE in order to obtain his consent to the conclusion of customs, postal, telegraphic, and extradition conventions, to the abolition of passports in favour of Italian subjects, to the passage of Italian troops through the Roman territory, and to the liberation of political prisoners belonging to the annexed provinces. M. DE MOUSTIER delayed his reply for two months. He then expressed great pleasure at the identity of view which appeared to exist between the French and Italian Governments, and magnified the September Convention as the only solution which, under present circumstances, the question could be held to admit of. It is a considerable step, however, from theory and sentiment to practice, and it turned out to be one which the French Minister was by no means prepared to take. He is willing to credit General MENABREA and his colleagues with the best possible intentions. That they are determined to protect the Papal frontier from invasion, and to do so in the most efficacious manner, he is fully persuaded. The one point on which he seeks for fuller information is, how they propose to carry out their purpose. It is not, he observes, “by a mere tardy and incomplete surveillance of the frontier at ‘the moment of the crisis’ that revolutionary attempts are to be checked. The mischief must be traced to its source. Clandestine enrolments and the storing of arms must be put a stop to, without waiting for their object to be made manifest by overt acts. Will the Italian Government state exactly what it proposes to do with respect to these points?”

Of course the Italian Government was not in a position to state anything of the kind. International lawyers may argue for ever without convincing an average Italian that it is his duty to discourage all attempts at forcibly settling the Roman question by means of an invasion from without. On the contrary, he would insist upon so settling it to-morrow if he were but a little more confident of success, and he is consequently by no means inclined to look with any extraordinary severity upon those of his countrymen whose view of the situation is more sanguine. If the Emperor of the FRENCH were anxious to restore the September Convention, he would no doubt find the word of General MENABREA's Ministry a sufficient bond for the discharge of the obligations incurred by Italy. But there is no reason to suppose that the arrangement which pleased him in 1864 would please him equally now. The result of this change is that the French Foreign Office has become profoundly impressed with the difficulties which beset General MENABREA's path. It sorrowfully confesses that, after having been once disappointed, France cannot without ample reflection consent to expose herself to the possibility of being disappointed again. General MENABREA, M. DE MOUSTIER admits, has an incontestable title to the gratitude of all who understand the true interests of Italy. Order and good administration grew up beneath his hand, and the ties which unite his country to France are daily drawn closer by his wise and persevering policy. “Is it prudent,” asks the French Minister, “to compromise these happy results by any hasty ‘measures?’” The spirit which produced Mentana is not yet extinct, and the men who planned the Garibaldian invasion of 1867 might only see, in the withdrawal of the French troops, an encouragement to new aggressions. Besides, continues M. DE MOUSTIER, what chance would there be of the French Government being able to influence the POPE in the direction desired by General MENABREA, if HIS HOLINESS saw himself at the same time deserted by the protectors on whom he, in common with the whole Catholic world, now relies for safety?

The probability that French representations will do much for the establishment of a *modus vivendi* is so extremely small to start with, that no diminution of it could make the situation materially worse. But General MENABREA's apparent silence since the receipt of this despatch at the beginning of November, may perhaps be taken as an intimation that he is no more anxious than the Emperor of the FRENCH himself to see the French troops withdrawn from Civita Vecchia. The position of his Cabinet between a hostile sovereign and a suspicious populace is far from being an easy one, and his difficulties would be very greatly enhanced if a new attack upon the Papal territory were in course of preparation, and he were to be called on by the French Government to take immediate measures to prevent it. Whether he has the means to do so without additional legislation is at least doubtful, and an attempt to obtain the necessary powers might lead to a Ministerial crisis, the issue of which would depend upon considerations which it is quite impossible to forecast. The

KING is supposed to alternate between a desire to save his crown and a desire to save his soul, and according as one or the other motive happened to possess him at the moment, he might identify himself with the popular feeling and form a Ministry from the Left, or recur to the design of a *coup d'état*, which, though since abandoned, was certainly entertained, if not determined on, two years ago. At that time, indeed, General MENABREA was currently regarded as the instrument by which this latter design was to be accomplished; but his career as a constitutional Minister may easily have indisposed him for playing so ungrateful a part, while it has at the same time made him sufficiently disliked at Rome to injure materially his chance of playing it with success.

There is little doubt, however, that the duration of the French occupation will be decided by considerations in which Italian politics will have but a small share. At present everything points to its continuance for an indefinite period. The evidence as to the state of French feeling on the subject, afforded by the debate in the Corps Législatif last year, was absolutely unmistakable; and when NAPOLEON III. has satisfied himself that France wants something which it is in his power to give her without injury to the interests of his dynasty, he is not likely to throw away so useful an opportunity. In this case, too, there are very strong reasons to incline him in the same direction. It is to the Conservative element in French society that he naturally looks to secure his son's succession; and on this ground, if on no other, it is of great moment to have the clergy on his side. Again, to a man of the EMPEROR's somewhat visionary ambition, there may be an immense attraction in the thought of what the BONAPARTES might achieve in Europe if the Pontifical throne were occupied by a Pope who would view things from their standpoint—perhaps even by a BONAPARTE himself. Wild as these dreams may be, there can be nothing lost by indulgence in them when the practical interests of the hour lead to the same conclusion. It will not, we imagine, be a slight inducement that will withdraw the French from the Pontifical territory before the next Conclave has met and voted.

THE MANCHESTER BALLOT.

THE sudden death of Mr. ERNEST JONES has given an accidental and melancholy interest to the Manchester Ballot experiment. An honest and earnest advocate of extreme and dangerous opinions, Mr. JONES obtained the enthusiastic admiration of devoted followers, and to a certain extent the respect of his adversaries. His personal honour was beyond question, nor was it at any time suspected that his motives were tainted with vulgar corruption. It is impossible to judge how far an advocate of revolutionary measures is consciously or unconsciously influenced by the ambition which would necessarily be gratified by the success of his projects; nor, indeed, is the cultivation of ambitious hopes more degrading to an agitator than to a statesman. The qualified praise which can alone be applied to Mr. JONES's public character does not extend to the wisdom of his policy or the moderation of his methods. During the Chartist agitation he incurred a sentence of imprisonment which must be supposed to have been just, although the law, then as now, took no cognizance of opinions unless they were expressed in a manner dangerous to the public peace. In his maturer years Mr. ERNEST JONES confined himself to legitimate modes of controversy, but the theories which he maintained were incompatible with the existing order of society. His merits as a politician are mainly to be estimated with reference to the question whether he was right or wrong. Subversive doctrines are not universally objectionable, but there is a strong presumption against their soundness. Only comprehensive inquiry and deep conviction can justify revolutionary proposals. Mr. JONES was profoundly convinced of the truth of his opinions, but he was nevertheless responsible if he was mistaken. A year or two since he expounded to an audience of enthusiastic artisans a plan for relieving the supposed pressure of surplus labour in the manufacturing districts, by transplanting a million operatives to agricultural freeholds. Although he disclaimed any purpose of confiscation, it was difficult to understand how his scheme could be reconciled with the rights of property; and economists discerned innumerable objections to the proposition that the establishment of cottage farms would improve the condition of the industrial classes in towns. It was for the promotion of similar changes that Mr. JONES sought to enter Parliament. A belief that his political activity would be inoperative or mischievous is not incompatible with due respect and tenderness to his memory. It must never be forgotten that in politics or religion it is not enough that a leader should be sincere. In both departments

fanaticism and violence have done at least as much harm as hypocrisy.

If Mr. JONES had lived, his hopes of representing Manchester would probably have been disappointed. The ultra-Liberal party has apparently acted injudiciously in giving its members an extraordinary opportunity of expressing their opinions. Out of a constituency of about thirty thousand voters, only a fourth of the number have announced their preference for an extreme or democratic candidate. There can be little doubt that the scheme of a trial by ballot was chiefly favoured by Mr. JONES's party, and that his supporters were more fully represented than the adherents of Mr. GIBSON. If an election had taken place, Mr. JONES must have relied on the seven or eight thousand thoroughgoing partisans who voted for him at the ballot, and on that section of Mr. GIBSON's friends which might think itself bound to abide, according to the American custom, by the results of a preliminary vote. The eleven thousand electors who took the trouble to deposit their suffrages were outnumbered even by Mr. BIRLEY's supporters at the general election; nor is there any reason to suppose that the entire body would have voted for Mr. JONES. The invitation was addressed to the eighteen thousand electors who voted for Mr. BAZLEY, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, and Mr. JONES, or rather for any two of the three coalesced candidates. The abstention of seven thousand extreme Liberals from the ballot shows that many of them either thought the experiment unseasonable or were disinclined to support either Mr. MILNER GIBSON or Mr. ERNEST JONES. In a single-handed contest a considerable portion of the dissentients would not improbably decline to vote; and with the aid of the Conservatives, the moderate Liberals could, as on several former occasions, elect a member. Mr. EDWARD JAMES, a lukewarm politician with little connexion with Manchester, was returned at the head of the poll in 1865. Since that time the strength of the ultra-Liberals has been greatly increased by the accession of the newly enfranchised voters; but the middle classes are almost unanimous in their distaste for the revolutionary doctrines of Mr. JONES. The minority which supported Mr. MILNER GIBSON had the best reason for believing that their candidate would not make use of a Parliamentary position to overthrow the institutions of the country, or to alarm quiet proprietors and traders. Mr. MILNER GIBSON is an undoubted Liberal, but he is eminently safe. For many years he has been exempt from any imputation of violence, except, indeed, in his last year's opposition to the Bill for establishing a foreign cattle market in London.

In Manchester and elsewhere thoughtful men are probably beginning to perceive that the essential differences between a supporter of Mr. MILNER GIBSON and a supporter of Mr. BIRLEY are trivial in comparison with the gulf which separates a moderate Liberal from a believer in the doctrines of Mr. ERNEST JONES. It is perfectly true that, for the immediate purpose of an election, the two great parties correspond with the divisions of opinion on the questions which will occupy the immediate attention of Parliament. All the Conservatives will vote against the abolition of the Irish Establishment, while Whigs and Radicals will, on pain of political excommunication, unanimously support Mr. GLADSTONE. It will be well if three or four further questions lying comparatively near the surface intervene between the present tranquil season and the more stirring conflicts of the future; but, sooner or later, those who wish England to remain as it is will necessarily come into collision with the promoters of revolutionary change. It is highly probable that the apportionment of taxation will be one of the first grounds of a dissension which will entirely remodel the present divisions of parties. When at some remote time Mr. DISRAELI retires from public life, it will become easier for moderate men to readjust their political alliances in conformity with altered circumstances. In the meantime judicious Liberals will, if possible, discourage violent theories, if only for the object of postponing the disruption of their party. The Irish Church affords an invaluable opportunity of dealing with an abuse which may be removed to the equal satisfaction of those who think with Mr. LOWE, and of those who sympathized with the eloquent tirades of Mr. ERNEST JONES.

The exultation of the special advocates of the Ballot at the discovery that the inside of a closed box is invisible excites a natural feeling of amusement. On the other hand, opponents of the Ballot sometimes occupy themselves in devising elaborate contrivances for introducing fraud into one of the simplest of mechanical operations. The most effective plan which has been practically tried was devised some years since in California by a gang of horsedealers and gamblers, who had secured the complicity of a sheriff, or returning officer. To the surprise of the legitimate voters the candidates whom they had unanimously rejected were elected by a majority largely

exceeding the entire number of votes in the district. When the sheriff was shortly afterwards lynched, it appeared that the ballot-box had been provided with a slide which prevented any of the genuine tickets from falling into the proper receptacle; and the sheriff and his confederates had, before the commencement of the election, deposited a sufficient number of votes at the bottom of the bag to secure the election of one of their gang. There is not the least reason to apprehend any similar misadventure if the Ballot should at any time be introduced into England. Once for all, it may be admitted that secret voting is practicable and easy, if only the electors desire to conceal their votes. The question whether it is expedient has nothing to do with the mechanism of any ballot-box. It oddly happened that the Manchester experiment was so contrived as to throw no light whatever on the merits or disadvantages of secrecy, for the voters who were invited to take part in the operation were already known as open supporters of the Liberal party. It is highly improbable that any one of Mr. JONES's supporters would have concealed his intention from any person who had been curious enough to make an inquiry, or that the result would have been affected if the votes had been taken in the ordinary manner. Yet it is barely possible that some persons may believe that an argument in favour of the Ballot has been furnished by the exhibition of a score of ballot-boxes.

MR. EDWARD WATKIN EDWARDS.

FAR be it from us to anticipate, or even to speculate on, the result of the trial of the six mercantile notables, distinguished among the most distinguished of our merchants, bankers, and traders, who were committed by the LORD MAYOR on Wednesday for trial on a charge of conspiracy and fraud. Not only have we before our eyes the wholesome terrors of the law, vindicated recently in the person of a contemporary; but a sense of propriety, to say nothing of the futility of anticipating the freaks of justice as administered by a British jury, compels a prudent reserve. We may, however, deal with the facts of contemporaneous history. Mr. EDWARDS, Official Assignee of the great Bankruptcy Court in London, is a fact. At least we suppose so. Internal evidence would, to be sure, suggest that he is only a myth, and a very extravagant and improbable one—just one of those wild and, as they say, sensational characters which an inventive novelist with a strong sense of caricature might, in the exuberance of a playful or perhaps cynical humour, suggest. But the external proof is overwhelming. There are three Commissioners in Bankruptcy, and to each Commissioner is attached an Official Assignee, much as a priest has his deacon or acolyte. Attached to Mr. Commissioner HOLROYD is, so says the Law List, Mr. Assignee EDWARDS, whose *honorarium*, as a public servant, is, we believe, only a poor 1,500*l.* a year. What is an official assignee? Probably a functionary entrusted with the discharge of official-assignatorial duties. *Obscurum per obscurius*. And yet what but such a "Dodonean" definition—to use the characteristic language of Mr. EDWARDS's Hellenic friend, Mr. STEFANOS XENOS—can describe an official assignee such as in practice we find him? One would have thought that to realize and receive and be accountable for the assets and estates of one-third of all those great London firms who find themselves compelled to breathe the air of Basinghall Street, and to keep all the accounts of one in every three of all the London bankrupts, would task any one man's energies, and exhaust any one man's time and talents. But we are mistaken. It seems that to Mr. EDWARDS this trifling burden of official duties is a mere perfunctory episode in his active and energetic life. To an official assignee of his capacities for work and work's worth, the hours from ten to four are the mere *hora subseciva* of the working day. Mr. EDWARDS is—we are not quite sure about the tense—an official assignee; but, while official assignee, he was half a hundred things besides. He was at the same time "partner in the firm of 'EDWARDS and O'BEIRNE,' " a financial firm." He was at the same time "Director of the Atlantic Royal Mail Steamer Company," and took fees as Director. He had at the same time a good deal to do with Mr. LEVER in the way of business, and the "Anglo-Luso Company"—the significant name seems to be the only joke about this concern. Also at the same time he had to do something for Mr. THOMAS HOWARD. He had also, apparently when a salaried public servant, been an accountant and partner with Mr. TURQUAND. But above and beyond all this, though some of these matters look as if they must have interfered with his public functions, he was appointed by the great house of OVEREND and GURNEY their referee and adviser-general and oracle in ordinary. He was "Friend EDWARDS," without whom the

great house "did not see how it could get on." We hardly know how to describe Mr. EDWARDS's sublime functions in connexion with this sublime institution. To go down to vulgar fiction, just as in the famous Anglo-Bengalee Company of which Mr. TIGG MONTAGUE was Managing Director, the porter, a wonderful and very mysterious being, guaranteed the solvency of the whole concern by his superb and awful waistcoat, so the house of OVEREND and GURNEY hired the great EDWARDSIAN presence, because it was a presence. EDWARDS was this to the bill-discounting house—not a man, but a presence, an influence, a principle, an idea, a permeating essence and life; we can hardly conceive him in the concrete. His function was spiritual rather than material; his it was to advise, to suggest, to inspire, to regulate, to originate, to interpose. Providence alone supplies the antitype to the great EDWARDSIAN function, for we hesitate to speak of him as a mere EDWARD WATKIN. When OVEREND, GURNEY, and Co. had secured EDWARDS, they could defy fate and the Bank rate of interest; they had got competence, stability, certainty, the Destinies, and Fates, all in one.

Every man has his price in another sense than WALPOLE thought, and the price of such an interposition as EDWARDS was enormous. Indeed, being something more than man, his salary was superhuman. He was rewarded much as CÆSUS rewarded Delphian APOLLO for an opinion which turned out to be about as valuable as that for which EDWARDS was himself subsidized. Mr. EDWARDS received 5,000*l.* a year for consenting to act for OVEREND and GURNEY in all matters in which those simple and guileless folk, unskilled in the naughty world of discount and finance, might ask for his advice and assistance. The value of these unknown and hypothetical and only probable services can be reckoned by the known purchasing powers of 5,000*l.* a year in the ordinary concerns of life. 5,000*l.* a year purchases in the open English market a Bishop, a Judge, a Prime Minister, a Speaker of the House of Commons, a Secretary of State. 5,000*l.* a year hires these small functionaries, body and soul, mind and tongue and pen, for every day, and all day long. But 5,000*l.* a year could only buy a fraction of EDWARDS, the mere hours of idleness of his mighty mind; what was left of EDWARDS after he had spent his day from ten to four in the Bankruptcy Court was gladly snatched at and bought up at 5,000*l.* a year. After six hours of official business came the cannie hour at e'en of EDWARDS, equal in value to a whole day's work of such poor creatures as Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI. But there was something left of EDWARDS marketable even after Basinghall Street and Lombard Street had taken their fill and fling out of him. Mr. STEFANOS XENOS thought the very snips and parings of EDWARDS, after serving HER MAJESTY and the great discount house, worth five hundred a year, and a present of a steam yacht. Mr. EDWARDS also believes that, in addition to all these pickings, he was auditor to the Galway Steam Packet Company; he owns that, while hired to drive close bargains with the customers of GURNEY, he not only received an annual 500*l.* from STEFANOS XENOS, one of their customers, but 2,000*l.* from another, a Mr. PEARSON; also 300*l.* for acting as umpire between LASCARIDI and LEVER on the one part, and GURNEYS on the other, from whom he was at the same moment taking the aforesaid 5,000*l.* a year; and he will not swear that he did not get something—it might be odd hundreds or thousands—from the Milwall Iron Company under precisely similar circumstances.

But we have no more seen the last or the whole of Mr. EDWARDS than we can exhaust or fathom time, space, eternity, or any other immeasurable and imponderable essence. Like the poet's "stupendous whole," our EDWARDS

Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

Or rather, like KEHAMA,

Self-multiplied
The dreadful one appears on every side:
In the same indivisible point of time
At the eight gates he stood at once.

Even thus the omnipresent EDWARDS absorbs into one at least eight separate personalities in his various but co-ordinate and contemporaneous forms of being, as official assignee, accountant and financier on his own account, universal conscience, prescience, and general and particular providence on GURNEY's account, referee and friend in council on XENOS' account, umpire on LASCARIDI and LEVER's account, referee on PEARSON's account, auditor, director, and manager on Atlantic Steam Packet account and Galway Packet account, and possibly a secret and beneficial, but not unsalaried, influence on MARE's Milwall account. To run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, to take briefs and retaining fees both from plaintiff and defendant, to be at once death and the doctor, to eat the oyster and to get paid for both empty shells, to get a commission from

the vendor for selling goods dear and a percentage from the purchaser for buying the same goods cheap—these are no mean triumphs. And Mr. EDWARDS enjoys them. But this is not all. He takes a salary from a firm, and lends, not to them, but to one of them, their own money at a good interest, and this, as they say, all unbeknown to his other masters. It appears that Mr. EDWARDS lent to Mr. CHAPMAN—one of the former partners in the house of GURNEY, whose name turns up not for the first time in these little matters at the Mansion House—privately the whole salary which he received from the firm openly and collectively. That is, he tries to play a partner against the firm and the firm against a partner, just as in other matters, in concluding any single bargain, he had sweated every sovereign on both sides and took a bribe—we mean a *douceur*—for making every transaction both dear and cheap to buyer and seller, and on either side profitable to himself.

This is Financing in *excelsis*; the very triumph and crown of the great discovery of the age. At present Mr. EDWARDS is without a parallel. There is no knowing what we may know. There may yet be commercial histories which will beat this. The *Crédits Foncier* and *Mobilier* yet await their THOM and their LEWIS. Not only did brave men live before AGAMEMNON, but DAVIDSON and GORDON preceded OVEREND and GURNEY, and the case of the spelter warrants was before this fabulous indebtedness of four millions. And as epic poetry did not die with HOMER, so perhaps is the wondrous tale of London financing not quite exhausted and concluded with the adventures of Mr. CHAPMAN and his client alike and patron, his guide, philosopher, and friend, Mr. EDWARD WATKIN EDWARDS. To finish up this portrait, it remains to remark that the gentleman in whom OVEREND and GURNEY invested at such a frightful premium does not look like so very valuable a commodity. Since the evidence given by MAJOCCHI, never was human memory so uncertain, treacherous, and leaky as Mr. EDWARDS'. Dates, facts, particulars, details, all slide and glide away from Mr. EDWARDS in the witness-box. He has a very bad memory as to dates; it entirely fails him on every point of business worth remembering; he really would be candid were it not for this sad infirmity of faculty; whether he was debtor or creditor, whether he paid or received, what he disbursed or the reverse; whether it was a hundred thousand or so on this side or on the other; whether he was acting for somebody or somebody else; when, if ever, he was himself, or whether he was always an *alter ego*, and if so, an *alter ego* of whom; whether he was GURNEY against XENOS, or XENOS against GURNEY; whether he was an official assignee, or an Atlantic Steam Packet Company, or an Anglo-Luso, or a Millwall ironsmith, accountant, bill-broker, money-lender, or yachtsman, whether he was acting for any body, or for two bodies, or only for himself, he really does not know. Nor do we. Mr. XENOS, who calls himself a dove, says that Mr. EDWARDS is a hawk, and he is going to write a book about the dove and hawk; and though Mr. XENOS is a Greek, we are not aware that he was born in Crete, and therefore we may expect his forthcoming revelations of Mr. EDWARDS to be true. Meanwhile, as we are dealing with an accountant and official assignee, we trust that Mr. XENOS will furnish some items which will enable us to strike a balance in that great account which is at present open, and may be stated, in official assignee form, thus:—

Dr.	Cr.
Mr. EDWARDS in account with	HUMAN NATURE.

DOGMATIC DISBELIEF.

THERE are many words, originally intended to bear a good sense, which have come to be used in a sense precisely the reverse, from a change of opinion either about the quality described or about the persons who claim to possess it. The word "Jesuit," to which we referred the other day, is a good instance of the latter kind of metamorphosis. It was meant to be an honourable title, describing likeness to Christ; but it has come to be used as synonymous with knave or hypocrite, not from any change of view as to the type of character etymologically denoted, but because an impression has grown up, whether reasonably or not, very damaging to those who actually bear the name. Meekness, on the other hand, which in the New Testament is recommended as a virtue, is much oftener used in our own day as a term of contempt; partly because many people think, though they generally avoid saying so, that the New Testament ideal is faulty, partly because meekness has been associated in men's minds with the Uriah Heep type of character. The term "dogmatic" may be said to occupy a middle position, in this respect, between the two already named. In an age when supreme importance was universally attached to orthodoxy it was used almost exclusively in a good sense, and it is often so used still. Since the Gorham controversy first shook the traditional quiescence of the Church of England in its official capacity, we have been deluged with

books and sermons and pamphlets on the imperative necessity of a dogmatic Church and a dogmatic faith. At the same time the epithet "dogmatic" is widely, and perhaps increasingly, used in ordinary parlance, even by those who would be the most strenuous in upholding the claims of theological dogma, in a more or less opprobrious sense. When we say that a man or his book is "dogmatic," we usually mean that he is offensively positive and dictatorial as a writer or in private life. But this need not at all necessarily refer to his treatment of religious questions, though it often does. Still less does it necessarily involve any disparagement of a dogmatic creed. Yet the growing tendency to apply the term as a reproach must have arisen from a prevalent, though sometimes unconscious, antipathy to dogma as such.

What, however, we wish just now to insist upon is that the dogmatic temper, in the derivative sense of the word, in dealing with religious controversy, is by no means confined, as is often assumed, to the adherents of a dogmatic faith. The credulity of unbelievers has not unfrequently served to point the moral of Christian apologists, and the champions of authority might with equal justice retort on its assailants their favourite charge of dogmatism. The fool who says "There is no God" shows himself as well aware as the theist of the necessity for a dogmatic basis of his creed. And the most vehement impugnors of authoritative beliefs are often the readiest to substitute authoritative denial for argumentative disproof. We do not say that they are never justified in taking such a course. Opinions have been promulgated before now under the shelter of venerable sanctions, to which *incredulus odi* is the best as well as the shortest reply. Dr. Wolff tells us, in his autobiography, that, when he was arguing in a college at Rome against burning heretics, one of his fellow-students (we are not sure that it was not the present Pope) observed, "Seventeen Popes have done it." "Then," answered Wolff, to the amazement of his perplexed audience, "seventeen Popes did wrong." No better reply could have been made. But such cases are exceptional. Those who attack the conscientious beliefs of their neighbours should condescend, as a rule, to argue against their truth, and not to assume that they are false. And they should also take care, as they often do not, to understand the opinions they are contending against. When they are too impatient to master their adversary's position, and too self-confident to examine the objections to their own, they may fairly be charged with dogmatism, and they have no right to be surprised if the victims of their contemptuous onslaught decline to accept sneers for evidence and statements instead of proof. If we wish to convince a Mussulman or a Brahmin, he may fairly expect that we shall pay his present faith the compliment of a refutation. Illustrations of this dogmatic temper among the enemies of dogma are never far to seek. Nor would it serve any useful purpose to dwell on the more extravagant examples of it. When a modern evangelist of Atheism applies foul and ribald comparisons to the Deity in whom the immense majority of his countrymen believe, he may be left to the silent disgust of all right-minded men. It is precisely in its less glaring, and therefore less offensive, exhibitions that this habit of fighting dogmatists with the least honourable of their own weapons requires to be exposed. And the fact that it is always difficult, especially to persons of an unimaginative turn of mind, to put themselves in the position of those whose opinions they dislike, makes it all the more needful to insist on their absolute obligation to do so if they choose to enter the lists at all. If half the disputes in the world arise, as is sometimes said, from the want of defining terms, the other half end where they began from neither party taking the trouble to apprehend the point of an adversary's argument.

We have before us at this moment an anonymous pamphlet, decidedly above the average, by a writer who is clever and evidently sincere, but who is constantly falling into the fault in question. His favourite method is to lay down certain alternatives, one of which must be true, and then to proceed by an exhaustive process to ascertain which of them is true, while he invariably ignores other equally conceivable alternatives, on some one of which most probably an opponent would rest his case. He seldom even manages to explain accurately what is the belief of those whom he is trying to refute, though he is always ostentatiously certain that he knows all about it. It will be worth while to give a few specimens of his method of arguing, and in doing so we are expressing no opinion on the particular conclusions, affirmative or negative, that he has arrived at, but simply on his manner of advocating them. Nor is there any need to name the publication, as we are not reviewing it, but only using it in illustration of our thesis. The writer's main position is, that no doctrines are of any real importance except those which, whether revealed or not, can be proved independently of revelation, so that "each man's personal experience can be made the test of their truth"; and he comes forward with the modest aim of correcting the "current theories of the Christian Churches," which wrongly hold many other doctrines to be necessary also. On this principle he asserts theism and the future life to be "articles of positive knowledge," and devotes a few pages to proving each. The circumstance that some of the greatest thinkers, ancient and modern, judging independently of revelation, have doubted or denied both these "articles" does not trouble him for a moment; he gives indeed no indication of being aware of it. Among the tenets of "the Christian Churches" which he specifically objects to as unnecessary or untrue, are the doctrines of eternal punishment and the atone-

ment. And, with characteristic incapacity for understanding opinions which he dislikes, he defines the former doctrine to be "that the greater part of mankind are destined to endless misery," which may be a common belief, but is not "held in theory" by any single Church or sect in Christendom. This doctrine, he proceeds to observe, cannot possibly from its very nature be capable of proof, because any revelation that contained it would destroy our confidence in the Divine veracity, and, moreover, it is grounded by those who hold it "solely" on certain doubtful texts of the New Testament. The first argument may have its force; but as it has been urged and replied to again and again, from the times of Leibnitz downwards, a writer less confident of being always in the right would have thought it worth while to take some notice of the replies that have been made. The pamphleteer, however, seems to think that the argument is his own discovery, and is loftily unconscious of any one having suggested, or any one having answered it, before. His second argument is as inexact as his account of the doctrine he is criticizing. Most of those who hold it base their belief on the traditions of the last eighteen centuries quite as much as on any particular text. He is just as inaccurate again in his description of the doctrine of the atonement, and still less happy in his way of dealing with it. The only grounds for thinking such a belief of any practical value, he tells us, are, that it rouses in the mind a lively feeling of gratitude, love, and confidence towards God, and a deep conviction of sin. And all these feelings may be just as easily "kindled in the highest degree" without it. Perhaps so; but it would have been desirable to explain why they have never, except in a few individual cases, here and there, existed in any high degree without it. We do not say at all that this proves the doctrine to be true; we merely say that it proves the worthlessness of the particular argument here urged to show that, whether true or not, it is unimportant. We will give one more somewhat amusing example of the same dogmatic temper, as shown in the writer's careless neglect to acquaint himself with the terms of the discussion. He is complaining of churches, and especially of the Church of England, for "dogmatizing" about their sacraments. And he treats us to the following notable piece of reasoning on the subject. "No Protestant Church believes in the necessity of its own sacraments. The *twilight phrase* which describes them as 'generally' necessary means always, when driven to the light, that they are necessary to those who think them so." The blunder of supposing "generally necessary" in the Church Catechism to mean usually necessary would be a natural, and is probably a common, one in the "twilight" intellectual atmosphere of a rural Sunday school, though even the intelligence of the juvenile rustic might be expected to be proof against the marvellous gloss here put upon the words. But what shall we say of a writer who volunteers the benevolent enterprise of putting all "the Christian Churches" right on the fundamental errors of their teaching, without having even taken the trouble to understand the mere language of the formularies of the Church with which he seems most familiar, and to which he probably belongs? Can it be necessary to remind any scholar that *generatiter* and *per se* do not mean the same thing, and that generally necessary means universally necessary? A writer rather less impatient of any considerations that do not happen to tell on his own side would have observed that the very structure of the sentence from which he so ignorantly quotes—which points to the distinction of two sacraments, universally necessary, from other ordinances which the Church of England does not consider necessary for all—contradicts his careless misinterpretation of it.

We have purposely taken our illustrations from a work of more than average ability, and manifesting no desire to be uncandid. It is precisely the same dogmatic temper which, under one set of influences, finds its dearest solace in the most literal enunciation of the "damnatory clauses" of the Athanasian Creed; and, under opposite convictions, rejoices, if we may be pardoned the expression, in unequivocally damning all the advocates of damnation. When St. Bernard had collected a synod of Bishops at Sens to sit in judgment on the errors of Abelard, we are told that, after each proposition, they exclaimed "damnamus," till at length, being overcome with drowsiness, for the session lasted through a long summer's day, they feebly muttered "namus" till the catalogue of heresies was exhausted. In this day orthodoxy is apt to be as unpopular as heterodoxy was in the time of St. Bernard, and the dogmatists of free thought are not unfrequently content with muttering an instinctive "namus" at every assertion of a dogmatic faith. Sometimes they seem hardly less willing than St. Bernard and his Council of Bishops to invoke the secular arm for the suppression, not of too little, but of too much, belief. Everybody has heard the famous definition of orthodoxy as "my doxy" and heterodoxy as "your doxy." And people are apt to regard their own opinions, as Aristotle says authors regard their books, with the affection of parents for their children. We need not blame them for that. But if dogmatizing be a reproach, it is equally a reproach to the friends or to the enemies of dogma. The Cavaliers were taunted with being ready to fight "for every thread of the surplice and every letter of the rubric"; but old Mucklewrath turned the hands of the clock to hasten Morton's execution, when he caught a whisper of the petitions of the Anglican Prayer-book from the lips of the doomed man. Perhaps we may go a step further. The dogmatic temper—we say nothing of dogmatic creeds—is sufficiently odious wherever it is found, but it is peculiarly ungraceful, because it is so glaringly incongruous, in the assailants of all positive

belief. It is the crowning triumph of toleration to tolerate intolerance, so long, of course, as it is not allowed to exercise any oppression over others. But there is something as graceless as it is grotesque in the illiberality of Liberals. "The infallibility of the intellect" is just as much the watchword of one theological party as the infallibility of the Church or of the Bible is of another, and its advocates seem quite as much bent as their opponents, not on obtaining toleration for all forms of opinion, but on securing the active domination of their own. We have nothing to say against liberty of thought and speech in itself, but in the mouths of many it is a convenient euphemism for liberty to put down those who will not think and speak liberally—that is, who disagree with them. It is no paradox to say that there is a party in the National Church who are straining every nerve to convert it into an engine for the dogmatic teaching of the non-existence of dogma. We may be permitted to doubt if the prefix of a formal negative would be any great improvement to the creeds.

SPASMODIC VIRTUE.

VICE is suffering at present from a rather violent spasm of morality, and is naturally anxious about its future, but we do not think it has much cause for uneasiness. On the contrary, to all seeming, its prospects generally were never fairer or more promising than at this moment. It may be that morality may exact a few more victims, and send a few more scapegoats penniless to the prison or the workhouse, bearing on their shoulders all the sins and scandals of their fellows. But, as we read it, the lesson of all this is, not that vice is doomed, but only that it must move with the age. It is hopeless to overcome individual prejudices, and the Legislature and Executive may weakly truckle to them from time to time; but then the whole tone of feeling in society is in favour of vice, and this must prevail in the long run. If the police have been fussily obtrusive and the magistrates officiously demonstrative of late, yet it will be remarked that they have confined themselves to clearing out certain half-forgotten reservoirs where the backflow of our moral sewage has been stagnating for years—to abating old standing nuisances that have been familiar to our active and intelligent officers for generations. There can be no doubt that for the moment the scavenger is abroad, for the odour of the fetid abominations he has at last made up his mind to disturb comes to your nostrils with overpowering strength from the columns of every paper you take in your hand. There is the notorious Judge and Jury Club, for example, on whose misadventure in the Police Court we commented the other day. In an unlucky hour the eye of some man in authority, as he mused on possible fields for the display of a newborn zeal, lighted on a placard that must have daily stared him in the face since he was first enrolled in the force. Its programme of the nocturnal proceedings of the unholy *Vehme* that held its grimy tribunal under the presidency of Mr. Brooks was habitually published to the world by walking posters, and at the corners of the streets. At length advertising gained it more publicity than it had aspired to, and, in spite of its claims as having nursed the chaste eloquence of the tribune of Clerkenwell, it was rudely pulled up and savagely denounced. Looking at the matter from the judicial point of view, that is as perfect a case for reform as the authorities can ever hope to see fall to their lot. It clears away what our theoretical ethics would characterize as a mass of filth; it vindicates beyond cavil the energy of our censors of morals, and entitles them to repose on their brooms, and for months to come to point back to it with a proud complacency as proof of the value of their services. It is no difficult task to remove with a shovel a deposit of mud when it has settled down, but it is quite another thing to enter on the slow and thankless process of purifying the whole stream of society, and filtering it from the endless abominations it holds in solution. Mr. Brooks was an anachronism; behind the age, deaf to its warnings, and blind to read the signs of the times. It was quite inevitable that he should go. He might have foreseen his fate in the desultory efforts made at scouring the pavements of the Haymarket, and whitewashing its taverns and divans. The old school that used to swagger in the face of decent hypocrisy is fast becoming a thing of the past. It is following the six-bottle men who were in the habit of coming reeling from their potations into the drawing-rooms of the upper ten. What we insist on now is a certain refinement in our vice, and surely we are not unreasonable; for, to make things as pleasant and easy for it as we can, respectability meets it more than half way. We don't look for reform, strictly so called, but we will have progress. Our modern version of the moral law expects that vice shall wear a mask and a robe of some sort, although the one may be as transparent, and the other as diaphanous, as the tissue that wraps the limbs of an Indian nautch-girl. And although it is always painful to change old habits, vice must see that we are only coercing it for its own good. When it consents to pay an illusory tribute to decency, we let it go very much where it will, and do very much what it pleases. If poor Mr. Brooks had only called his clever little entertainment a school of art and oratory, it need not have been blotted from the list of those refined pleasures of the town that elevate the tastes of young men from the country. The police would have felt bound to accept his definition of it in preference to the evidence of their senses, for surely he must know the nature of his own entertainment best. Look at our "anatomical museums." Every one knows generally what their contents are like, and what are the altior objects for which their beneficent proprietors keep them up. But

Mr. Brooks is dragged into daylight from the modest retirement of his little back court, while the anatomists are suffered to parade, in our most crowded thoroughfares, collections that are at least as curious as delicate.

As we said, vice may very well entrust its interests to the generous consideration of society. It is true that we have never heard the voice of society, in its recognised organs in the press, more unanimously, more impressively, or more eloquently virtuous. The other day, for example, the new Government, falling into the fashion of the hour, issued the edict that is to save their civil servants from their own imprudence and the claws of the usurers. Forthwith the press, to a journal we believe, preached us enthusiastic sermons on that text, pregnant with the loftiest wisdom. As we read, we felt the deepest admiration for their costly self-abnegation. We turned with interest and pity to the advertising columns to see what filled the blank where, paragraph after paragraph, the fowlers used to spread their snares. We found, to our shame, that our fanciful ideas about consistency had duped us; for there in the old place, and by way of comment on the admirable leader, were the rival biddings of the benevolent capitalists who offer you anything from 10*l.* to 10,000*l.* on your note of hand, sent by cheque or Post-office order. We know no more austere moralist than the journal that opens its hospitable columns as the chosen organ of the *maisons d'accouchement et avortement*; of the model baby-farms where the air is as deadly as in the Pontine marshes. The grim austerity of its virtue is only equalled by the blaze of gorgeous word-painting and the wealth of Oriental imagery with which it inculcates it. Its backbiters may liken it to Satan in the robes of a friar, or to Dr. Dodd with the forged bills in his pockets, drawing tears from the eyes of his rapt congregation. What is certain is that preachers of this sort are in admirable keeping with their flocks, and that pastor and people thoroughly understand each other. On their pedestals of virtue, readers shudder pleasantly at the dramatic picture of nightly orgies in the Haymarket, worked up with a thousand purulent touches. They chorus their bluff British indignation in response to the manly outburst of the worthy magistrate who characterized Mr. Brooks' little entertainment as odious "bestiality." And on the same evening the family is to be seen filling a box at the theatre—the British Cornelia surrounded by her jewels—children from the nursery, girls from the schoolroom, *débütantes* in the first freshness of their youth; while a sprinkling of men—brothers, lovers, or acquaintances—are grouped in the background. If the young ladies and the boys do not pluck some fruit from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil—rather more evil than good perhaps—it is not the fault of the mother who takes them there. To say nothing of the ballets, where the poetry of art elevates your soul above the gross suggestions of the senses, the manager relies for his effects on the female form, tastefully disposed in every conceivable combination; its nudity just sufficiently relieved by dress and veiled by drapery to leave it fascinatingly suggestive instead of repellingly coarse. "Startling effects," indeed, as the play-bills advertise them, would they have been to the last generation. Nowadays these things are taken as matters of course, although it would puzzle an intelligent Fiji islander to know why we should scout as barbarous the costume of the ladies in his family, whose simple toilets of bead necklaces and shell girdles are sanctioned by climate and immemorial custom, while our own women are encouraged to undrape themselves for show and not for comfort. Probably the breadth of the anomaly will narrow itself in time. Sensible girls cannot help reflecting, that, if there is no impropriety in the freest display of the leg on the stage, it is absurd to be prudish about their ancles in private; and the argument, if good for so much, is good for more. Indeed, reasonable parents begin to admit this; and the present excessively *décolleté* fashion of their daughters' dresses marks a decided step in the inevitable direction. Then there can be no better school for sharpening the faculties than bringing your daughters to hear the *double entendres* that salt so plentifully many of our most successful plays. It gives them all the excitement of guessing conundrums for prizes of forbidden fruits. *La glace se fond vite au Palais Royal*, we recollect hearing in a piece played at that genial theatre, and certainly the sensuous atmosphere of a London playhouse is just the temperature in which the forbidding coldness of virgin purity is likely to warm and dissolve. But if innocent girls may see and hear things like these, and take no harm, why be so hard on poor Mr. Brooks and his initiated clients? Are you afraid of taking the down off the peach or breathing on the purity of the country hawbuck who indulges his spiritual love of the beautiful by a contemplation of *poses plastiques* at the "Judge and Jury"? Vice, like poverty, must be always with us, as we know, and, like a practical people, as we pride ourselves on being, we have made up our minds to conceal what we cannot eradicate. It is idle as well as painful to try to level up; it is easy as well as pleasant to level down.

We have succeeded so far already that we may defy the most experienced *roué* to judge us by appearances. In other days there was something so distinctive in the dress and manner of the *lorette* that it was impossible for the goats to huddle themselves unobserved among the sheep. Now the whole young-lady world may be equally proper, or improper, for anything you can say to the contrary. Take a man about town of a few years ago, and wake him up from a Rip Van Winkle slumber in a fashionable church, lighted for afternoon service. Let his eyes wander over the wilderness of faded and badly-matched chignons and the indescribable cut of

those dresses that display the form in a gross harshness of outline, and, were it not that the devotees had got prayer-books instead of tea-cups in their hands, his first impression would be that he had got into a midnight meeting of Magdalens. A study of the pews would confirm him in the idea that half-repentant St. John's Wood had fled for excitement from the Argyle to the Altar. Go to the Crystal Palace on a Saturday afternoon, and you find that the delicate good taste of our ladies has nearly succeeded in putting their erring sisters quite at their ease. It is impossible for uncharitable virtue to take to throwing stones, for, as far as exteriors go, it may unawares be stoning incarnate propriety as it masquerades in the trappings of the Haymarket. Much unpleasantness is thus spared to families, for you cannot be expected to know all the acquaintances your son has made, and the ladies he is escorting must certainly be assumed to be all they ought to be, for in dress and demeanour they are the very counterparts of his sisters. You do occasionally see a hideous dowdy from the country, with her own hair simply done, neither docked, nor frizzled, nor plastered, nor supplemented; her cheeks fresh from the bath instead of the powder-box, and her figure draped in the exploded graces of the dresses of a few years back. She has no sort of manner; instead of giggling or shrieking, she talks in a subdued tone; she blushes, as well she may, and she has at least the grace to be conscious of the absurd appearance she makes, for she drops her eyes to the critical stare of the *amateur*, instead of ogling him in defiant challenge in return. But even in the most select places of entertainment it is hopeless altogether to exclude improper characters, and the sight of an occasional object of pity and disgust—the reflection of a horrible past—is useful as indicating the progress we have made, and as stimulating us to persevere in the path we are pursuing. No; notwithstanding the disagreeable episode of the "Judge and Jury," and the persistent persecution of the night-houses in the Haymarket, let vice be of good courage. Even the polite, and certainly not premature, remonstrance said (we hope truly) to have been issued by the Lord Chamberlain against "the impropriety of costume of the ladies in the pantomimes, burlesques, &c." will not perhaps prove a very crushing blow to the cause of indecorum. The sympathies of the public are really all in its favour and, with the exercise of a very moderate amount of the "discretion and good taste" with which managers are obligingly credited, and to which it is announced that these matters "ought properly to be left," the prospects of impropriety were never more brilliant than in this advanced and enlightened age.

MR. GREG ON PEN-MENDING.

WE have arrived at an epoch of economy which would have rejoiced the very heart of Mr. Joseph Hume. The French Empire is going to establish an equilibrium between expenditure and income, after raising at most a loan or two more. General Grant's invariable reply to everybody who asks him, on any pretence, to authorise national expenditure, is to be couched in the remarkable two words with which he once answered a request for a speech, "No, Sir." And in England our clerks are to mend their pens before throwing them finally aside. As Mr. Greg justly argues, in an official letter which we have no authority for regarding as a hoax, pens, "if good to begin with, will bear being recut four or five times, and on each occasion become as serviceable as at first." This plan, he says, he always follows himself, and it has for some time been acted upon both by the House of Commons and the Treasury. If, then, the new system be conscientiously adopted, the nation will require only one quarter as many pens as have hitherto been thought necessary. We are unfortunately left without any means of calculating the probable saving that will be effected. If we assume, for the sake of argument, that it will amount to a thousand pounds, and take the whole revenue at seventy millions, it will follow that a gentleman who pays seventy pounds in taxes will save annually about the thousandth part of a pound, or rather less than a farthing. In four years, therefore, allowing something for interest, he will have saved a penny, and in less than a quarter of a century he will be able to treat himself to a cigar out of the money which has been saved by Mr. Greg's economy. These periods may easily be shortened in proportion to the number of thousands saved. Mr. Greg is of course perfectly right in effecting a saving, however trifling in amount, and we should only be inclined to ask whether it might not be carried further. Would not a more radical reform be effected if clerks were directed to use steel pens, instead of indulging in the luxury of quills? Or it might be possible to insist upon their writing a hand which would increase the average number of words in a page; there may even be cases in which a slate might be used instead of paper, if proper precautions were adopted against creaking pencils; and it is not inconceivable that in other cases we should be all the better served if they were to cease writing altogether. We are, however, getting into matters which are beyond Mr. Greg's competence, and certainly beyond our own. We can only wish that he had a chance of exercising his talents in a larger sphere, and cutting off extravagant practices of more dangerous consequence than recklessness in the matter of pens. This economical measure, however, opens a wider and not uninteresting question. What is the value of that kind of economy generally known as cheeseparing? How much good did Joseph Hume effect by constantly cavilling at every questionable item of expenditure? Is the danger of financial dis-

treasury likely to be permanently stayed off, or even made sensibly less imminent, by measures of reform in quill pens? The great Chatham, we know, roused the spirit of a nation by the energy of his single will, and in a few months changed general despondency into boundless self-confidence. Will it be the fortune of Mr. Gladstone to stimulate a wasteful population into all the virtues of economy, and fire us with a noble zeal to preserve candle-ends, and have our old clothes turned before buying new ones? The whole people may be inoculated with the spirit of the good old misers of former days, who would drive a mile round to avoid a turnpike, and may perhaps adopt for its standing motto the weighty aphorism—appropriate enough to a nation of shopkeepers—Look after the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. We are tolerably familiar with these paroxysms of economical virtue in individual cases. A gentleman discovers, at the end of the year, that he has spent a hundred pounds or so beyond his income. He resolves to cut down his cabs, and ride more frequently in omnibuses; he saves something on groceries by going to the Civil Service Co-operative Store; and, by way of impressing his virtuous resolutions upon his own mind, he buys an account-book, and puts down the smallest items with extreme accuracy for several days. The worst of it is that such measures generally lead to the accumulation of an amount of self-compacency which produces a relapse into more than the former extravagance, and that at the end of the year the result is about the same as before. He has merely thrown a temporary sop to his conscience. Probably the economist discovers that his only chance is to cut down his establishment and retire into a smaller house in a cheaper quarter of the town. The analogy in the case of a nation is obvious. By cutting off a few superfluous clerks and saving the stumps of a number of quill pens, we shall perhaps effect a saving distinctly visible to the naked eye; Ministers will be able to go to their constituents and flourish the spoils of their pen-knives and pruning-knives before the eyes of assembled multitudes; and we shall grow so proud of our virtue, that we shall be ready to throw away a few millions on the next return of the pendulum. It seems to be a law that fits of speculation and of enforced cautiousness follow each other at regular intervals in the commercial world; and we may set up a similar alternation between the hot and cold fits of administrative economy. If we could make up our mind to cut down our establishment, the results might be different. We might, for example, turn all our colonies adrift, sell Gibraltar to the Spaniards, set up Malta to auction, and resolve to be an island instead of an empire; we should then be able to discharge half our army and save a sensible fraction of our expenditure. As the public mind does not seem quite prepared for such a course at present, it is invited to be content with the cheeseparing system; we are to adopt a plan similar to that which dealers in light money applied to guineas; the different departments are to be "sweetened," and if the amount saved in each case is trivial it will come to something in the aggregate.

It is perhaps ungrateful to grumble at any method by which money is saved, considering the amount of trouble which this system imposes upon public officials, and the courage necessary for encountering the grumbling of the victims to economy. Yet we should wish to be clear on one or two points, before we can feel satisfied that any really valuable result has been obtained. Mr. Greg's reform in the matter of quill pens is obviously a sound one so far as it goes. If a pen is mended twice, it will do the duty of two pens. There will be a saving and no loss of efficiency. But how are we to be certain that this will always be the result of an indiscriminate tightening of the screw? Is it not possible that if we treat our civil servants with more rigour, and insult them with these petty and suspicious cavillings at their supposed extravagance, they will contrive to diminish the value of their services in an equal or a greater proportion? If they are to be treated as criminals to be kept in bondage, perhaps they will do badly in proportion to their discontent. The economy which pares away fragments of real utility is just as easy as the economy which removes superfluities; and there is no guarantee that our fit of enthusiasm will secure one more than the other. Human nature is not altered by the excitement of a sudden revival; after a time the converts relapse into their former carelessness, and the new toy is laid aside till some fresh combination of circumstances brings it into notice again. In a few months we may probably be crying out as loudly against a false system of economy as we are now against extravagance; and the huge *vis inertia* composed of the idleness and indifference of people employed on business which is not their own will cause the machinery to slip back into its old ruts. In short, the true way of turning our spasms of virtue to good account is by reorganizing any defective parts of our system; there is undoubtedly room enough for reforms in this sense, and, if wisely carried out, the effect may be permanent. If a manufacturer confines himself to occasional outbursts against the wastefulness of his subordinates, they will most likely indemnify themselves for their annoyance by falling into their old habits as soon as his back is turned, or some new object calls away his attention. If he introduces new and more scientific methods of applying force, he may effect a permanent improvement. The cheeseparing system may make as much noise, and serve as well for texts to stump oratory; but the real merit of the Government must be measured, not by the number of quill pens saved, but by the substantial improvements introduced into the organization of the different departments.

The precipitate mode of cutting down expenses at random has not only a tendency to provoke a reaction, but prevents any proposal which involves a temporary expenditure, even if it promises to be essentially reproductive. It is a pity to see good enthusiasm wasted in merely producing one of those temporary panics which seem to be almost a national characteristic. We are always in a state of excitement about something or other—the growth of pauperism, or the state of the national defences, or the ignorance of the lower orders, or the extravagance of the upper classes. Too often it cools down, and everything sinks back to its former condition. A genuine statesman might secure some tangible result from each of these spasmodic outbursts, which would remain when the zeal had died away; and it is to be hoped that the present desire for economy will be turned to some permanent account; only we must look for some better symptoms than general exhortations to saving and a frittering away of energy upon quill pens and superfluous clerks.

Meanwhile, as we are trying to save money, perhaps our statesmen will remember that there is another commodity of proverbially equal value. The House of Commons will of course applaud the zeal of its leaders for judicious frugality. If it shows an equal regard for time it will set an excellent example. Are we to listen to nothing else for perhaps two Sessions than endless discussions upon the Irish Church? or will Parliament remember that, however important that subject may be, and whatever new floods of light its eloquence may cast upon the whole question, there are one or two little matters which would be the better for a share of its attention? The waste of public money is bad enough, but the waste of the whole legislative energy of the country upon a single topic, however important, allows evils to remain and to grow up which cost far more even in money than the most rigorous economy of administration would save in the course of years. It would be a melancholy caricature of genuine economy which should spend its force upon cheeseparing, and allow the working power of the Legislature to be diverted from the substantial improvements which alone can give any security for the maximum of efficiency in our expenditure.

MR. GLADSTONE'S "RETREAT" HARASSED.

THE famous *Chapter of Autobiography* was dismissed by all serious politicians with a melancholy smile, half sympathy and half contempt. As the great majority of people accepted Mr. Gladstone's conclusion that the Irish Church must go, they were serenely indifferent to the pangs of conscience which Mr. Gladstone must, according to his own account, have undergone in painfully elaborating his premises. Confessions and autobiographies and mental diaries are extremely interesting to people of a certain class of mind—to those, that is, who compose such works, and to the narrow intelligences which delight in prying into other people's concerns. Experience has proved that it is only in the less robust mental organizations that confession is adopted as an indispensable means of grace; and, beyond the feminine sex, spiritual confessors and directors of conscience are generally dispensed with. If, however, a man publishes the secret records of his inner life, and takes the public into the confidence of his soul, he cannot complain if his self-revelations are treated as roughly and coarsely as any other alleged facts of history. When Mr. Gladstone published his *Chapter of Autobiography* he ought to have counted the cost. He has been taken at his word; and in a somewhat remarkable pamphlet, *The Retreat of Mr. Gladstone*, a Mr. Bazely accepts Mr. Gladstone's vindication of himself, and criticizes it on Mr. Gladstone's own grounds. Mr. Bazely was, we believe, a very distinguished Oxford resident some thirty years ago. Formerly Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose, a first-class man, and subsequently rector of a large London parish, he has of late years retired into private life, but his interest in public matters does not seem to have been extinguished. Probably—though we have not verified this matter—he was one of Mr. Gladstone's supporters in his early contests at Oxford. But, be this as it may, in character, reputation, candour, and abilities he is a very favourable specimen of those who have withdrawn their support from the Premier. Mr. Bazely is no bigot; he considers it a fair and open question whether the Irish Church might not acquiesce in separation from the State. So far, therefore, we and Mr. Bazely have not many points of difference. We believe that the ascendancy of the Irish Establishment is an injustice to Ireland; that to remove that ascendancy is a plain duty; and that there is only one way of redressing the wrong. It is very immaterial how, when, or why this conviction has forced itself upon us. Nor would Mr. Bazely care to inquire. We have not—and the people of England generally have not—felt called upon to compose a chapter of national or personal autobiography. Mr. Bazely, therefore, has no dispute—or, if he has a dispute, he does not feel himself bound to pursue it—with the general verdict of the nation against the Irish Church. But Mr. Gladstone stands on very different grounds. *We* may be very inconsistent. With Earl Russell and Sir George Grey we may over and over again have denounced disestablishment as confiscation in principle and a blunder in policy. But we have never claimed to be consistent. We have never vindicated, or excused, or apologized for ourselves. We may be, as Mr. Gladstone says, rash, precipitate, fickle, and all the rest of it. But we have had the sense—or cunning, as the Scotch say, in that well-worn apophthegm—to let that flee stick to the wall. Not so Mr. Gladstone. He feels the

force of the personal taunt which glances off our pachydermatous conscience, and is at vast pains to show its injustice and falsity. Here Mr. Bazely joins issue. Mr. Gladstone ventures on a strictly and specially personal apology; Mr. Bazely tries to show that the apology fails, and that it fails in every particular.

It is plain that as bystanders we may be interested in this personal and literary gladiatorialship without siding either with Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bazely in their private dispute. The great issue of the Irish Church question is untouched by it; and the public interest involved is only how far Mr. Gladstone's defeat and refutation on his own chosen ground—if Mr. Bazely has defeated Mr. Gladstone on this particular point—affects the confidence which the country ought to place in the political capacity, general moral judgment, and prudence of the statesman who is confuted (if he is confuted) on those very pleas which he has ostentatiously selected for his vindication in a matter which, had he been wise with that worldly wisdom which we want in a statesman, he had much better have left alone. Mr. Gladstone's apology, stripped of its tautology and amplification, amounts to this:—That the existence of the Irish Establishment is a gross injustice, wrong, and insult; that this, his conclusion in 1868, was arrived at naturally and gradually, and by sensible and definite stages; and that he never consciously concealed the gradual growth of his convictions. Mr. Bazely replies that Mr. Gladstone's offence is not that in 1841 he recommended the maintenance of an Establishment which he now abandons, but that he never, up to the spring of 1868, avowed this conviction; and further, that he never could have entertained it till the very hour of its avowal. Practically this comes to a distinct charge on Mr. Bazely's part, and it is a serious one, that the *Chapter of Autobiography* is a mere self-illusion, and nothing better than an *ex post facto* enumeration or invention of successive states of mind and gradual growths of sensible and definite convictions extending over twenty-seven years, which are mere phantoms of the imagination, and never had any real existence until they were developed by the self-consciousness of the spring of 1868. The ground of civil justice and political right was never entertained, and never could have been entertained, Mr. Bazely argues, till 1868. If, says Mr. Bazely, Mr. Gladstone had long ago taken up this ground, he must bear the reproach of having been year after year a silent and unprotesting party to a crying injustice, which he long felt to be one, but never ventured to denounce. If, on the other hand, his conviction on this argument—the only one on which he now rests his case—was very sudden and recent, the whole of the *Chapter of Autobiography* is beside the point, and, quite irrelevant to that, the only issue. The charge against Mr. Gladstone, reduced to its simplest elements, is that either his conviction of the injustice of the Irish Church Establishment was sudden and precipitate—inspired by the fact that he was in opposition, not in power—or that he had for a long time culpably concealed his conviction of this flagrant injustice, and suffered others who trusted in him to be deceived. If the former alternative is true, then the apology is quite valueless, because it deals with a non-existent issue; if the latter, then it deals with a false issue—that is, is directly untrue. It is to this last point that Mr. Bazely addresses himself, and he employs himself with the proof, elaborated with great logical skill, as was to be expected from his Oxford reputation—and this proof derived from Mr. Gladstone's own account of his own retreat, or education, or whatever he pleases to call it—that the political injustice of the Establishment never was in his thoughts up to 1868. Or, if it were, to have arrived at such a conclusion, and to have carefully suppressed and concealed it, was “dishonour.”

We shall not take upon ourselves to pronounce on the force of this argument, as for other reasons, so because for all practical purposes it is of very little consequence to outsiders. Mr. Bazely and Mr. Gladstone may well be left to argue the matter out; and Mr. Bazely is no mean opponent. For ourselves, we do not—though of course he would not himself admit it—think that Mr. Gladstone is so very seriously to be blamed, even could it be proved, which it cannot, that he took a mere party advantage of a political emergency when he uttered his famous declaration of last spring against the Irish Establishment. And, on the other hand, we are by no means prepared to admit that Mr. Gladstone is to be charged with conscious and personal dishonesty for concealing his convictions—whichever of Mr. Bazely's merciless alternatives we are called upon to accept. If Mr. Gladstone had long been convinced that the Irish Establishment must be sacrificed, even though he abstained from proclaiming this conviction, he was not necessarily guilty of a culpable suppression of his convictions; and again, if he was in fact convinced all of a sudden, either by Mr. Maguire's book, or by the aspect of Fenianism, or by the intolerable spectacle of Mr. Disraeli on the Treasury Bench as Premier, is he to be charged with conscious and criminal unvaricity, even though he says that his convictions had very long been ripening, and had long been ripe?

But this last question leads us to a final observation, which is, what a very great mistake these mental—and we may say as much of spiritual—Autobiographies, Experiences, Confessions, and Apologies are. We are not saying, as has been said, that Mr. Gladstone in publishing his *Chapter* was fired by a vain emulation of the unapproachable *Apologia pro Vita Sua* of one ten times greater intellectually than Mr. Gladstone. If so, the reception of the two books must have, profitably perhaps, disillusionized the imitator. But we do say this, that the greatest mistakes are committed by these publications.

In surveying their past selves, they think they thought thoughts which they never did think: but in so thinking they are but unconsciously mistaking their past selves. Take St. Augustine—Rousseau—Dr. Newman—Mr. Gladstone. Dr. Newman's is the only one of them all which is satisfactory, simply because Dr. Newman's is a mind which occurs only once in ten centuries; and further, because Dr. Newman's account of his change could be proved by documents, facts, and contemporaneous evidence. Mr. Gladstone's cannot. Nothing is so delusive as these mental retrospects. Unconsciously, and this is where we differ from Mr. Bazely, we all of us—and Mr. Gladstone is in our eyes, though not in his brother's, human—interpolate into the past imaginary trains of reasoning, fictitious and probable and plausible mental attitudes and processes, and invest them with a personality and distinctness which they never really had, but which we attribute to them only when, for some very pressing and recent reason, we have, very late in the day, and quite independently of all these fancied processes, come to a conclusion which these figments might have led to, but did not, simply because they were not. When a man engaged with this hazy work of introspection thinks that in bygone days he might have thought so and so, the process is not difficult, and certainly not dishonest, by which he persuades himself that he had actually done so. And this is why we all suspect “Confessions.” A conversion and change of opinion is a fact, and a fact hard and tangible; but the gradual, subtle, unconscious secret processes by which it comes about none of us know, and the attempt to describe them is only illusory in most cases. We often mistake the force of passing mental and intellectual processes, and at a distance we attribute undue importance to what really was transient and evanescent. The only thoroughly trustworthy conversions are those in which the supernatural element is admitted. St. Paul never gave an apology or chapter of autobiography. In St. Augustine's case there was always, backing the whole history of struggles and experiences, the irresistible influence of Divine Grace. Even in Dr. Newman's case, the weird saying of four Latin words “kept ringing in his ears”; they “struck him with a power never felt before”; they were as “the familiar ‘Turn again, Whittington.’” That is, they were to a certain extent supernatural; they acted as a spell. Therefore even his conversion is tinged by the mysterious and supernatural; and in all such cases the great revolution of mind can dispense with all argumentative justification. Had Mr. Gladstone told us that his conversion was in this way, supramundane, instantaneous, and with power, of whatever other faculty we might have questioned his possession, he could not have laid himself open to the kind of retort which he has met with from Mr. Bazely.

THE VOLUNTEERS AND THE CAPITATION GRANT.

THERE is no doubt that Volunteer affairs have arrived at a sort of crisis, not from internal so much as from external causes. The strength and efficiency of the civilian army (and, in spite of the gross and altogether exceptional misconduct of one or two battalions at the Windsor Review last year, we will add its discipline also) have improved every year, and not least in the year last past, the ninth since its first establishment. But the Volunteers, though they have many friends, are not without a few enemies, who at first predicted that the movement would wear itself out in a year or two, and die of inanition, and are now found representing that men who have half their expenses paid by the State have no right to call themselves Volunteers, and ought to be ranked as paid soldiers of little or no value. It is quite true that those who affect this tone are not very numerous; but they are very industrious in making their voices heard. The *Times* of Thursday contained a letter from one of them—perhaps a distinguished cavalry officer—who signs himself “Hippophylax,” in which he makes or implies the following assertions:—

1. That the Volunteers are of no value for offensive operations, and that these alone decide the fortune of war.
2. That the money spent upon the Volunteers could be better invested in regular soldiers.
3. That the Volunteers could never be called out for permanent service, because they have no transport, commissariat, or hospitals of their own.
4. That the acceptance of a capitation grant in payment of part of their necessary expenses constitutes them paid soldiers.

The inevitable inference from the first two of these propositions, if true, would be that the Volunteer movement was a blunder, and that the whole force ought to be instantly disbanded. The cost to the nation of 170,000 Volunteers is something like 250,000*l.*; that is, enough to maintain two or three battalions of regular troops. If “Hippophylax” is right, two or three such battalions therefore would be of more service in holding the forts and keeping the field against an enemy than 170,000 imperfectly trained Volunteers. We have a proper national faith in the power of one British soldier to thrash three Frenchmen, but seventy or eighty Volunteers does seem rather long odds for the stoutest of guardsmen to be matched against. Indeed, if “Hippophylax's” assertion is not rank absurdity, all the general officers, from the Commander-in-Chief downwards, who have handled and inspected Volunteers on hundreds of occasions, must have been wilfully and grossly deceiving the country again and again for the last nine years; and we prefer the authority of competent judges who have made themselves acquainted both with the capabilities and the defects of the Volunteers to

the random assertions of "Hippophylax," whoever he may be. Volunteers are not, and have never pretended to be, regular soldiers; but, for all that, 170,000 of them, drilled as they now are, with their knowledge of musketry and great gun-practice, and with abundant capacity for improvement, when called out for continuous service, must, on the most modest estimate, be a shade more powerful than 2,000 or 3,000 of the finest troops in the world.

The third objection which "Hippophylax" states to the Volunteer army is the want of transport, commissariat, and hospital organization. "Hippophylax" can scarcely be ignorant that the transport staff, the commissariat staff, and the hospital staff are, in the main, as much external to any regiment of the Line engaged in active service as to a regiment of Volunteers. At a time when the commissariat was, if not perfect, certainly less inefficient than it now is, it was a purely civilian body under the Treasury; and though it has been transferred to the War Office, and reorganized—or disorganized—it is not the less external to the combatant portion of the army. Volunteers, if called out, would have the same right to its services as if they were regular soldiers, and if it be said that its strength is not sufficient for an army of more than 50,000 men, the obvious remedy, if more force is needed, is to increase the commissariat, and not to reduce the combatant force. The argument, so far as it proves anything, is an argument against any increase of force, and not at all against the Volunteers as distinguished from other defenders of the country. No administrator in his senses would dream of establishing one commissariat corps for the supply of regular soldiers, and an entirely distinct corps to minister to the wants of Volunteers who might be encamped by their side. This and all other supply services ought to be so organized as to be capable of providing for the whole British forces in the field, whether they called themselves regulars, militia, or Volunteers.

The last proposition of our anti-Volunteer, to which all the others seem intended to lead up, is neither more nor less than a gross perversion of fact. It would be quite logical for a man who thought Volunteers in any number utterly useless, to say that the trifling sums expended by the country on their equipment and armament are thrown away. If we thought Volunteers useless, we should say the same. But it is inexcusable, even in the most prejudiced of cavalry officers, to say that a Volunteer becomes a paid soldier because he is only (say) 2*l.* or 3*l.* a-year out of pocket instead of 4*l.* or 5*l.*, as he might be if Government did nothing towards the supply of his arms and other requirements. It is quite open to any one to object to the principle of Government assistance in paying adjutants and sergeants, and contributing to the cost of arms, clothing, and head-quarter establishments; but nobody has a right to call this contribution pay, or to refuse the title of Volunteers to men every one of whom gives both time and money to the cause, and some of whom are mulcted to the extent of hundreds of pounds a year for the honour of being what "Hippophylax" calls paid soldiers. Statements such as those we have referred to would be of little importance, were it not that unfounded assertions on any subject do leave a mark upon the minds of men who have not taken the trouble to think about it, which it is not always easy to rub out.

It is satisfactory to find that neither Mr. Cardwell nor any other Minister, nor, so far as we know, any single officer of repute in the army (unless "Hippophylax" be one), has ever committed himself to the views on which we have commented; and, with this consensus of opinion to back us, we shall continue to believe that Volunteer artillerymen and riflemen have some considerable value, and that, after every allowance for the superior efficiency of regularly trained soldiers, they give incomparably more strength for the money which they cost than any other force which an equal outlay, or indeed ten times the outlay, would support.

Mr. Cardwell, though he did his best to rebuff the Volunteer deputation that lately waited upon him, so far from taking up the position assumed by "Hippophylax," frankly acknowledged that he highly valued the Volunteers as a means of defence, and that he thought they ought not to be called upon for pecuniary sacrifices in addition to the devotion of their time and energy to the service of the country. It might be quite possible to maintain a Volunteer force on an insignificant scale wholly self-supporting, without the slightest fragment of Government aid. One or two such corps existed before the general movement commenced. The well-known Victorias, for example, found their own rifles and accoutrements, maintained their own establishment complete, kept up a splendid band, and paid every expense of range and head-quarters, at an average annual cost for officers and privates which we believe we underrate at 20*l.* A few such corps might of course be supported, but they must necessarily be composed of comparatively rich men. When it was determined to make the Volunteers into a national force, it was seen at once that the scheme would prove a chimera if it involved any considerable expenditure on the part of the men who volunteered to give their services, but not their money. At first Government supplied rifles and little else, and all other expenses were defrayed out of funds contributed, not by the Volunteers, the bulk of whom were poor men, but by wealthy supporters of the movement, who associated themselves as honorary members with the various corps. The enthusiasm of the men who gave their time and labour has never flagged; but the enthusiasm of those who only gave their money soon began to wane; and then the Government stepped in, and by the capitation grant partially filled up the void which was left. The sort of eleemosynary aid of honorary members went

on declining in amount, while necessary expenses could not be curtailed, and by degrees the honour of a commission in a Volunteer corps came to imply the duty of supplementing its finances by very heavy annual payments. So long as competent officers were to be found willing to pay this tax, no great harm was done; but it is now notorious that the expensiveness of a commission narrows the field of selection to a comparatively small class of wealthy men, and that in many instances vacancies in the commissioned ranks cannot be filled up at all, simply because the men who are competent and willing are unable to bear the expense. Lord Elcho put the case very temperately and very fairly before the Minister, and Mr. Cardwell frankly declared his opinion that the Volunteers were a most valuable body, and that while they gave their services gratuitously they ought not to be called upon to contribute a shilling towards the necessary expenses of their establishment. In dealing with a deputation it is always safe for the moment to dispute a fact, because detailed proof cannot be instantly produced; and Mr. Cardwell, true to official instincts, while he admitted that the Government ought to provide all necessities, denied that any needful expenditure was thrown upon the Volunteers themselves. If Mr. Cardwell seriously believed this, he must have had advisers as well informed as "Hippophylax"; and unless he was insincere (which we will not believe) in accepting the principle that the Volunteers should be asked for work only and not for money, he cannot well refuse an inquiry into the question which he has himself raised, whether the Government allowances are, or are not, sufficient to cover all necessary expenses.

According to the rules laid down by the Government some years ago, necessary expenses include uniforms, ranges, conveyance to drill and practice, expenses of arms, and the support of orderly rooms, armouries, and the like. The first of these items is sufficient to absorb the whole capitation grant of 1*l.* per efficient. The extra 10*s.* for musketry is far more than consumed by the expenses incidental to ranges, including often a large amount of ammunition beyond the scanty Government supply, and all the rest of the acknowledged necessities are left to be purchased by the Volunteers themselves. In the richer corps, of course, the men find their own uniforms and accoutrements, and pay for a number of other requirements; and even the poorest Volunteers (with few exceptions) pay some sort of subscription, though they leave the weight of the burden to fall upon their officers. That these are the facts Mr. Cardwell will learn if he inquires, and when he has discovered them, we shall be curious to find on what principle he can reject a request for the supply of necessities the cost of which he admits ought not to be thrown on the Volunteers.

THE BIRCH IN THE BOUDOIR.

ANOTHER step has been taken in the onward march of feminine aggression. On all sides the fortress in which masculine presumption has so long been entrenched is now assailed, and one by one the outworks are falling. That hideous old superstition of the supremacy of man having once been denied, and his claims to an exclusive use of any virile properties, from brains to breeches, having once been vitiated, it is astonishing to see how rapidly the whole social and political fabric which has been constructed on that foundation is tumbling to pieces. Man's monopoly of cigars, of clubs, of the pulpit, of the liberal professions, of sports, of academical life, and of the franchise having each of them been more or less successfully infringed, one might almost have been inclined to fancy that there was little else left which woman could grudge him; that he had been stripped of every shred of his ancient encroachments, and that, except the trifling and accidental distinctions of sex and of bodily strength, there was now really no property and no quality left undisputed which might be said to differentiate the male from the female Briton. But such a conclusion would be premature. There is at least, it seems, one more great privilege, one more time-honoured custom, which the male inhabitants of this country have been used to arrogate to themselves, and of the exercise of which there are divers notorious emblems and instruments. The male inhabitants of Great Britain have been hitherto distinguished from their female compatriots, as from the inhabitants of most other countries, by the peculiar insular privilege of receiving corporal chastisement at certain stages and in certain conditions of their existence; and indeed, until very recently, it would not have been an inaccurate account of the difference between Englishmen and Englishwomen which described the former as that portion of the community which is, and the latter as that which is not, flogged. It was not likely that women, in their present mood of self-assertion, would long allow such an invidious distinction to remain unchallenged. If the young Englishwoman is to be trained to be in all respects as like as possible to what the young Englishman has been, it is clear that means of discipline and correction similar to those which have been in force among men must be brought to bear upon the girls. It was to be expected that before long that should occur which has now, it seems, in fact occurred; that man's monopoly of the birch and the cane, as instruments of training or education, should be attacked in the same way as his monopoly of the academy, the pulpit, and the franchise; that a sect of Female Flagellants would arise to swell the numbers of those who are assailing man's empire; and that to the women who wish to preach, the women who wish to graduate, and the women who wish to vote, would shortly be added the women who wish to flog.

That in the year 1869 there should be living in England, and in London, a considerable number of women, moving apparently in good society, and some of them titled, who are in the regular habit of stripping and flogging with birches, apple-twigs, or leather straps, their daughters of thirteen years old and upwards, must appear to foreigners simply incredible, and to most Englishmen very queer. Yet that such is the case is amply proved by a correspondence in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, on the subject of "Flogging Girls," which commenced in August of last year, and which, after having lasted six months, and having handled the details of corporal punishment in a style which certainly did not err on the side of too much reserve or delicacy, has at last apparently been brought to a conclusion by a summing up from the conductor of the magazine favourable on the whole to the cause of the flagellants. This correspondence, or "conversazione," as the ladies' periodicals affect to call their agglomerations of rambling queries and epistles on any topic which happens to interest their patrons, from best methods of education to best methods of removing superfluous hair, shows that there are in England many women—some of them declared by the conductor of the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* to be "ladies of title, and well worthy of attention"—who make it a regular practice, "for certain faults," to strip their grown-up girls, and, either by their own hands or by the hands of governesses, to inflict upon them severe floggings. Nor is this all. Some of these ladies are downright enthusiasts for the birch and the taw. They seem to glory in the privilege of thrashing their girls. They give faithful representations, carefully drawn from the life, of their own pet mode of conducting the operation. The preliminaries, the place of execution—sometimes a bedroom, sometimes a boudoir—the instrument of torture, the behaviour of the victim before, during, and after the infliction of the flogging, in short the most minute details of the entire process, are described with that graphic force which some women exhibit when writing on a subject which powerfully interests and excites them. These writers do not even take the line of apologizing for the inhumanity, or of endeavouring to palliate the shame, which must be involved in the process of stripping and flogging a girl of fifteen or sixteen years old. On the contrary, some of them, who seem to have a sort of mission for propagating the doctrine of flogging girls, are most keen in recommending means whereby the pain may be made as severe and the shame as overwhelming to the sufferer as possible. Thus, for example, a "Mother of a Family" who evidently belongs to this class of enthusiasts, who says that she was herself flogged "until she was fully fourteen years old," and who, in describing her experiences, occasionally employs a phraseology which is a little too highly spiced to be quoted here, writes:—

I have my girls' fullest love and confidence; yet I never omit the punishment for certain faults. At the same time it causes hardly an hour's intermission of our happy intercourse. It is of course inflicted in strict privacy, and without anger or scolding. A short while ago I tested both plans in the case of a niece, a girl of thirteen, who was placed under my control in my house. She had been reared on the "moral force" plan, and was as bold and disobedient a child as could be met with. For a month I tried the moral plan, but in vain. At length I resolved to see what the rod would do; and so, taking her with me one day after gross misconduct into a secluded room, I lectured her kindly and gently on her behaviour, and finished by telling her that, as all other means had failed, I would now give her a sound whipping. She was much dismayed, as you may guess; but seeing how calm and determined I was, she quietly submitted, and I gave her what some American friends call "a spanking," sharp, short, and effectual. From that day the greatest change has been visible in her; and though four months have elapsed, I have found it necessary to repeat the operation only twice.

Only twice! and does this enthusiastic flagellant, in whom the disposition to flog appears to be a congenital or inherited habit, really think that three floggings in the course of four months are a small allowance for a young lady in her fourteenth year? Would a Harrow boy of the same age consider it a small allowance? What would a Wykehamist in the Fifth Book think of being "bibled" or "scrubbed" at the rate of nine times a year? But then Wykehamists and Harrovians are not, if we may judge from the lamentations and complaints of parents and teachers in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, so unruly, so insubordinate, and so generally incorrigible as young ladies aged from thirteen to eighteen. Thus one poor parent, after describing the failure of an attempt to educate girls under the "no-personal-chastisement system," says:—

Their progress was so unsatisfactory, and their general conduct so insubordinate and unladylike, that I yielded to the reiterated solicitations of the governess, and consented to her introducing the rod. One was accordingly procured, and at her suggestion it was made of soft pliable leather, cut into long narrow thongs at one end, which she assured me produced intense pain with little or no injury to the person. I directed the governess to inflict upon each of them a most severe whipping, which was arranged to take place in her boudoir immediately after evening prayer. The eldest was first taken to her dressing-room and prepared for the rod, and then conveyed to the boudoir by the governess, who at once administered the discipline. The younger one was then prepared, and received a wholesome flagellation. These whippings were administered *sopra dorsum nudum* (sic), the delinquents being tightly strapped to an ottoman during the castigation; at the conclusion of which they had to kiss the rod and thank the governess, when they were permitted to retire. Since then there has been a most marked improvement in their behaviour, and the progress made in their studies has been truly gratifying. It is now nearly nine months since one had to be corrected in the boudoir, although the rod is yet occasionally applied to the palms of their hands when they are negligent.

At the commencement of this discussion on the art and mystery of flagellation, it appeared that there was a large number of fair aspirants to initiation in the mystery who were extremely ignorant of its most elementary details. Very numerous and very various inquiries as to the best instrument, as to the best

means of making or procuring it, and as to the best mode of applying it when procured, appear to have poured in upon the editor such as it might have perplexed even Orbilius himself to have answered satisfactorily. But the editor was equal to the occasion. He availed himself of the assistance of some persons of his own sex, who had experience of the flogging of boys; and their teachings, backed by the extreme keenness and eagerness to learn which the patronesses of the magazine exhibited, have caused a most rapid and astonishing advance in the development of the doctrine and discipline of this new Society for the Whipping of Young Women. The following six principles may be said to be definitely adopted by the Society:—1. So long as girls are under their parents' protection there is practically no limit of age, short of twenty-one years, beyond which they may not be profitably flogged. "Even at the age of eighteen," cries one enthusiastic mother, "I will administer corporal chastisement"; while another says that she inflicts this discipline "regardless of the age of the offender, who, if she behaves like a child, must expect to be treated as one." 2. The flogging of a girl should always be effective; and it is so in proportion as it produces shame and pain. 3. With the view of producing shame, it is desirable that the sufferer's sisters should be present at the operation. 4. For similar reasons, and also in order to obviate resistance, it may be well to summon the attendance of the servants:—

On the first occasion [says a lady who signs herself a "Lover of the Rod"] on which your girls show disobedience and want of respect for their mother, order all three up to your bedroom, to wait till you come. I would keep them all three waiting in suspense, as not comprehending your intentions. Then I would provide myself with a good birch rod or cane (a cane is very severe), go up stairs, shut the doors, and at once tell the eldest one you are going to give her a flogging. Doubtless she will feel much astonished, and very indignant; but if you are firm, and threaten to call in the servants to help you, she will submit. There must be shame as well as pain in this; but she has deserved both, in my opinion; and one such punishment in the presence of her two sisters will do everything.

5. With the view of producing pain the sufferer must be unflinchingly stripped. This principle was, after some hesitation, finally settled in the last number of the magazine, on the authority of an old gentleman who affirmed that "during his school career it was his duty, as junior King's Scholar, to purchase and apply all the birch rods of the college," who says that in choosing the instrument "salutary care must be taken to purchase rods with good *buds*, the handles being about the thickness of the wrist," and who "warns perplexed mothers that any interposition of underclothing materially interferes with the efficiency of the operation." The sixth rule states how and where the rod is to be applied. The discussion of this question does not appear to have presented the least difficulty to the conductors or the contributors of this magazine. They have treated the topic with a freedom and fearlessness of expression which is justified by one correspondent on the ground that "the *Englishwoman's Magazine* is written for women only," and which we may therefore suppose represents, in the opinion of that correspondent, the genuine esoteric or after-dinner style of ladies' conversation. The reader is not likely to feel much desire to intrude into the mysteries of such a conversation; and, besides, enough has already been said to show how rapid a progress has been made since the summer by this new sect of female flagellants in the organization and propagation of their doctrines.

The French Commissioners who recently reported to the Emperor on our Public Schools express their astonishment that our great Head-Masters, with their huge salaries, their extensive learning, their high reputation, their dignified social position, and their good prospects of seats in the House of Lords, should condescend to use the birch; and they declare their conviction that the custom will soon die out. It seems plain, from what has been written during the last six months in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, that if the English Head-Masters do abandon the custom of flogging, it will be enthusiastically maintained by English mothers and their governesses. Is it possible that before long the only creatures in Europe, besides cattle, that are flogged will be English criminals and English girls? Or is the whole of this amazing correspondence fictitious? Is it nothing more than an elaborate and vulgar hoax? Have "Materfamilias," the "Marchioness," the "Perplexed Mother," and the other "Lovers of the Rod" no existence out of the fertile brain of the conductor of the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*? One of these two hypotheses must be true; and it is hard to say which of them is the more preposterous.

THE CESSION OF GIBRALTAR.

NOTHING could more forcibly illustrate the progress we have made in that spurious kind of Liberalism which consists in being always ready to sacrifice national interests to political sentiment, than the effort to imagine a proposal for the cession of Gibraltar to Spain as coming from two of Nelson's admirals. The old Rock made glorious by its capture and its defence was to our grandfathers a sacred spot, and to the sailors of their generation doubly sacred as a splendid trophy and an impregnable refuge. It is hardly too much to say that the admiral of the Nelsonian period would as soon have thought of proposing the surrender of Dover to France, as of Gibraltar to Spain. Its value has been enhanced rather than diminished by the facts that our fleets are now composed, not of sailing vessels, but of steam-ships absolutely dependent on secure coaling stations, and that since our supremacy on the seas is no longer undisputed, it is more than ever necessary to hold fast to every point that may give us an advantage

against a naval foe. But such reasons are all too slight to avert the tampering propensities of sham Liberalism. The question which has, in consequence, been for weeks before the public, here and in Spain, is discussed by us with far less of warmth or interest than the fancies of particular clergymen for embellishing their persons and their churches, or the claim of somebody who was never heard of before, and will never be heard of again, to enjoy a seat in the Legislature.

People of average reasoning powers, even if they know nothing of Gibraltar, must have detected some weak points in the arguments that have been adduced for the abandonment of the fortress. They must have failed to perceive, for instance, how we could entitle ourselves to the gratitude of Spain by giving up to her a naval station which is carefully branded as indefensible and worthless; or how we should display a fine sentiment of justice by holding forcible possession of a piece of the territory of one friendly Power in place of a piece of the territory of another. It may also have occurred to them that, if we are to abandon dominions because our presence there is disagreeable to other claimants, we shall have to begin much nearer home than the Mediterranean. Indeed, seeing how obvious all this is, it would scarcely have been necessary for those who have some regard for our ancient possession to say any more on the subject, if the controversy that has ensued had not unluckily arrived at the dignity of a public discussion, and reached a stage where opinion may possibly ripen into action. In these days of sentimental policy it would be unsafe to consider any crotchet, having about it that high flavour of magnanimous self-sacrifice so attractive to minds of a particular order, as too wild to find advocates and executors. The discussion itself gives ample proof that there are irresponsible politicians among us quite ready to perform, on behalf of the public, the most disinterested acts. The late elections have given us a number of legislators who, as their speeches show, have, along with a great desire to make a figure, a very limited acquaintance with public affairs or with the national interests, and who are therefore in the condition most favourable to the reception of such ideas as may lead by the shortest cuts to personal distinction. At the head of the departments of War and the Navy we have officials whose opinions on the subject of naval fortresses, being quite free from the bias of professional knowledge, are about equally valuable. And at the head of the Government we have a Minister still engaged in a process of self-education which may conduct him to conclusions unknown to himself or to others, and which certainly will not be rejected because they happen to conflict with received prejudices or opinions. Under these circumstances the common sense of the country, always somewhat supine in its self-reliance, may some day wake up to find that the only part left to it in the matter is to make the best of a bad bargain.

The argument especially likely to weigh with sentimental statesmen, volunteer or official, is that the Spaniards are aggrieved at the sight of our flag floating on the Rock, and would be grateful to see it peacefully replaced with their own. If by "the Spaniards" is meant the inhabitants of the neighbouring parts of Andalusia, who are more immediately interested in the matter than any other portion of the Spanish population, the fact is that they by no means object to us as neighbours. To assume that in the course of more than a century and a half so philosophical a people should not have learned to accommodate themselves to an ever-present fact, but should have gone on transmitting hatred for the Union Jack through so many generations, is to give them much less credit for good sense than their established character entitles them to claim. And, in fact, the assumption is not only contradicted by the good understanding that exists between the people and the garrison, but by obvious considerations of self-interest. The presence of a large foreign population is very important to the prosperity of the adjoining part of Spain, inasmuch that, on those occasions when their old-fashioned quarantine laws have proscribed all communication with the garrison, the town and neighbourhood of San Roque have suffered extreme distress. The city of Gibraltar is crowded with a population which—Spanish by descent, but English by adoption—forms a close connecting link between the foreign elements, facilitating the intercourse of the English with Spain, familiarizing each race with the good that lies beneath a surface of prejudice or reserve, and softening the collision of national ideas and habits which are in many respects so different. But it is said that the facilities for smuggling which Gibraltar offers form a grave cause of offence. Not certainly to the Andalusians, who can scarcely be supposed to be indignant at illegalities which they so largely encourage. The men of Kent and Sussex were not used to regard with especial rancour the French ports from whence, in the old days of prohibitory duties, issued the brandy, silks, gloves, and laces surreptitiously landed on their coasts, to gladden their own hearts, and the hearts of their wives and daughters. Nor have the Andalusians, forced by the detestable policy of the Bourbon Government to smoke abominable tobacco, to drink vile spirits, and to wear dear and bad clothing, regarded in a hostile light that port whence come those comforts which their rulers have denied them. That the Spanish Government should dislike to see Gibraltar in our hands was only natural, for the contraband trade caused reductions in a revenue which was in a large measure dependent on the adulteration of some commodities and the prohibition of others. The Governor of Algeiras, too, numbering among his chief duties that of preventing smuggling, must always have regarded with haughty displeasure the neighbouring fortress which caused to him and his subordinates so much trouble and

anxiety. But what a time is this, for those who have kept their notions on the subject to themselves for so many years, to propose to exchange a British port, fortress, and town for the ephemeral gratitude of a Prim or a Serrano, who may be heaven knows what, and have vanished heaven knows where, before the ink is dry in which the preliminaries of exchange are written. And when a permanent Government is established in the Peninsula, if it be such as England can regard with sympathy, it will be one that, by giving Spain freer institutions, and removing vexatious restrictions on commerce, will remove also the only tangible ground of complaint.

We affirm, therefore, that the inhabitants of the Spanish province most nearly concerned in our occupation of Gibraltar do not object to it, and that the desire to propitiate the Government was never so inadmissible as it is now, as an element in the question. The Spanish population of the Rock would assuredly witness our departure with sincere regret. But there is still another interest to be considered, and one hitherto strangely left out of the discussion—that of the British Governor and troops who hold the fortress. Gibraltar is a real military possession. It is not, like Canada, a colony where the advantage is all on the side of the colonists. It does not, like our home fortresses, form a garrison where our troops only play at being soldiers. It is a spot guarded with the jealous care due to its vast importance, and not a house is held on the Rock except by a tenure subject to the exigencies of defence. A real military station, where guards that mount in sight of the Spanish sentries have a practical meaning, where the forms of war are not make-believe, where military authority is of necessity paramount, and which thus forms a better school of actual war than any home garrison can possibly be, exists on a spot of earth peculiarly favoured by nature. The Rock is no barren crust like Malta; it is clothed with a lavish and beautiful vegetation. The streets present the most picturesque variety of costume to be found perhaps in the world; British troops, Andalusian peasants, Moors, Jews, and Genoese all mingling in rich diversity of array. It is covered with valuable public buildings, libraries, hospitals, barracks, and official residences, and is furnished with such extensive works as lines of defence, artificial harbours, and modern artillery imply. For many months of the year the climate is delicious, and the irksomeness of garrison duty is relieved by the facility of exploring close at hand one of the most interesting and romantic regions in Europe. No wonder that it is the most popular foreign quarter now left to our troops. And this place we are asked to exchange for the barren isthmus of a barren and savage territory, where the garrison would be cut off from all civilized intercourse, except by sea, and surrounded by a population not merely barbarous, but hostile, who would come down then, as now, with their long guns to fire on the sentries as a matter of exhilarating amusement. Involved in perpetual disputes, we should be told by the ruler of Morocco, as we have been told before, when complaining of outrages committed by his subjects, that he could not control them, and would be only too glad if we would chastise them for ourselves. Such is the agreeable prospect offered to the British taxpayer, and such the tempting exchange of gold for brass which Admiral Grey chooses this particular juncture of Spanish affairs to propose. We will answer for it that, if Ceuta ever does become a British station, the names of the promoters of the cession will never be mentioned there without execration.

We have purposely abstained from the professional view of this question; because a public discussion on such grounds can seldom be satisfactory or convincing, and because nothing has been advanced by the advocates of the cession which has not been controverted by at least equal authority. Nothing but ordinary common sense is needed to show that a signal station 1,400 feet above the sea must be of infinite advantage to a naval fortress and port; and that an isolated rock with lofty and powerful batteries looking to sea and land, possesses incalculable superiority for defence over an isthmus commanded by neighbouring ground and open on all sides to attack. We trust that there may soon be an end of a discussion that cannot be other than mischievous. We trust that the one condition on which our old Mediterranean watch-tower will be surrendered to Spain will be that offered by Heathfield—that she will come and take it. If it were given up, one of our first efforts in a war with Spain would be for its recapture; and if in such a case Admirals Grey and Sullivan, who are so confident of its weakness, were placed in the front of the battle, they might perhaps find reason to change their opinion. But we prefer to hope that no such contingency is possible; that in war it may continue to be to us a tower of strength, and that in peace it may become a great and valued storehouse of British products, for commerce with a better-governed Spain. And we hope that the preliminary measure which has been indiscreetly suggested, of causing official inspections and reports of the works of Ceuta to be made, will not be resorted to. It would be a pity to foster a belief that we could possibly intend to pay Cervantes such a compliment as he never dreamed of, by adopting towards his country a policy that might seem to be inspired by his immortal hero.

AN ITALIAN DUEL.

THERE is a story, familiar among lawyers, which tells how an Old Bailey barrister was challenged by a learned friend in consequence of a dispute in court; and, being unable to muster

resolution either to fight or to refuse to fight, he invented the expedient of leaving the letter of challenge on the table of a room which he quitted as his wife entered it. Returning hastily, he picked up the letter, and hoped that his wife had not read it. "Yes," she answered, "I have, and you must fight." We believe that this particular duel did not come off; but, if barristers behaved to one another in court in the last century as they do now, duels after court must have occurred frequently. It may be, however, that they behaved differently, for undoubtedly many excesses of the tongue were restrained by the ever-impending liability to answer for them with sword or pistol. Duelling, as an enthusiastic Frenchman says, preserved civilization from the inroads of brutal vulgarity. Men abstained from abuse and fisticuffs, and resorted to genteel murder. "Let us appeal," says this same Frenchman, "to our conscience; and can we affirm that pugilism would not have been introduced into our senate had not duelling, as master of the ceremonies of civilization, protected it from brutality?" Sir Lucius O'Trigger recommended a fight to prevent misunderstanding, and it is more polite to stab a man to the heart than to give him a broken head or a bloody nose. Duelling, says our Frenchman, is an essential accompaniment of representative institutions; and it turns out that he is right, for pugilism has been almost introduced into the Italian Chamber of Deputies, and that Chamber has only been "protected from brutality" by two of its members becoming targets to one another for upwards of an hour.

A correspondent of the *Morning Post* lately informed us that the chief Parliamentary business of the week at Florence had been a duel between Deputy Morelli and Commendatore Paternostro. He does not, of course, mean that this duel took place on the floor of the House, or that the functionaries corresponding to Government and Opposition whips loaded the pistols, or that the Italian substitute for Mr. Speaker gave the word to fire; but a quarrel arose out of a political discussion, and one of the disputants threatened, and the other actually struck, a blow, whereupon, as our French friend would say, "the master of the ceremonies of civilization" intervened; or, in other words, a hostile meeting was publicly arranged. We do not find that the Chamber of Deputies adjourned to the field of combat; and, indeed, observing the erratic courses of bullets, they were a good deal safer in their own House. But a *procès verbal* of the transaction was drawn up and published in the *Nazione*, and the proceeding seems to have been as regular as a debate in the Chamber or a judicial trial. The parties proceeded to the ground accompanied by four seconds and two surgeons. While the seconds were making their preparations the parties waited in separate rooms, each accompanied by a doctor—an arrangement admirably contrived to produce calmness and confidence at the trying moment. It is not stated whether the doctors put before their possible patients the alternative of being pickled and sent home or of lying snugly in some adjacent cemetery, or whether they conversed cheerfully and pleasantly about the quantity and quality of powder necessary to send a ball through a moderately thick gentleman, without allowing it to stick where it could not be conveniently extracted. The "ceremonies of civilization" performed by the seconds were rather more complicated than was usual among ourselves in the days when duels protected us from brutality. A piece of ground was measured, and divided into three parts. The centre part measured twenty paces, and the two ends were of equal length, and measured, as we understand, ten paces. The combatants were placed at the extremities of this piece of ground, and thus they would be at a distance of forty paces from one another. On a given signal they were to advance. Each might advance ten paces, but no more, so that they would always be separated by twenty paces at least. But either party might give fire without completing his advance, provided that after firing he must stand still to receive the fire of his opponent. These are the usual conditions of what is called the *duel à volonté*, and we presume that they were observed on this occasion. "After everything had been fixed," and lots had been drawn for places, and lots had been again drawn for pistols, and all the other ceremonies of civilization had been performed, and MM. Morelli and Paternostro had been allowed ample opportunity both of conversing with the doctors and of communing with their own souls, then at last the duel began. It continued almost an hour. Each party fired five times, and there was a premature discharge and a miss-fire, making up the full allowance of six shots upon each side. We are happy to state that nobody was hurt. We should think that the seconds were in greater danger than the principals; but they kept their places courageously, and they seem to have waited for the moment when the balls began to pass anywhere near the supposed object of their aim, and then to have stopped the duel. As the *procès verbal* has it, "the last shots especially passed very close," and Deputy Morelli was stained with the earth thrown up by a projectile which fell close to his foot. This was all the damage actually done; but, considering that one of the combatants was able at the sixth attempt to drop a bullet at his opponent's feet, there was no saying that they might not have got to killing or wounding after another hour's practice. It is difficult to understand how the first hour was consumed, but we take for granted that the "ceremonies of civilization" are not performed with a breech-loading pistol. Indeed, an old-fashioned duellist would probably regard a breech-loader as an unsuitable weapon for a gentleman. It is true that in America breech-loaders would be preferred, but in that country we fear the "ceremonies of civilization" are disregarded, and almost the only regulation that prevails as to duels is that, unless

the provocation is unusual, a combatant should only cut, and should abstain from stabbing, with a bowie-knife.

If eloquent applause is the highest encouragement to deeds of valour, the authors of this *procès verbal* will be the cause of many duels in the capital of Italy. The seconds, having all signed the document, are entitled to divide among them the honour of this heroic composition. We are happy to observe that they differ entirely in character from that Irish gentleman who having, as second to a challenger, received, to his great disappointment, an apology from the challenged, resorted, for fear there should be no fighting, to the expedient of quarrelling with his own principal, who had remarked that apology was not the mode of spelling usually adopted in polite society. The Italian seconds are well pleased with the conduct of their principals and of themselves. "Considering," they say, "that the two adversaries had exhibited a *sangfroid* superior to all encomium," especially when the last shots began to pass very close—and they might have added, if modesty had not forbidden, that the seconds showed almost equally admirable composure when the first shots were wandering about—"considering," they say again, "that the intrepidity thus displayed for nearly an hour before an adverse pistol's mouth, charged six times successively, is a thing reflecting honour upon any gentleman" (particularly, as they might have gone on to say, when no degree of unskilfulness in the use of a pistol can ensure its missing every time it is fired), "considering," once more, "that the object of going out is to elevate dignity, and not at all hazards to perpetrate revenge" (which latter object, they might have remarked, was very unlikely to be attained by gentlemen who seemed wholly incapable of taking aim), considering all these things, and perhaps considering also that this serio-comic drama had now occupied an hour, and that performers and spectators were becoming tired and hungry, it was declared that honour was satisfied, and that firing should cease. It would be unkind criticism to remark that if the combatants really desired to perpetrate revenge they would have done well to lay aside their pistols, and resort to the "brutality" of pugilism, or to some sort of fighting by which they might expect ultimately to succeed in doing one another mischief. There is a familiar saying that no man knows what he can do until he tries. We hope that this *procès verbal* will be preserved among the records of famous duels, for the demonstration it affords that no man knows what he can do until he tries. A great writer upon duelling remarks that "rather erroneous notions have prevailed respecting the probabilities of the results." In England, whenever it was reported that a man was about to fight a duel, people imagined that he must be killed; but abroad the matter was treated more lightly. "They know from experience that the risk of being killed is trifling." We believe that the art of fighting duels with the small sword, without giving or receiving mortal thrusts, has been studied with success in France, and the same kind of result seems now to be attained in Italy with the pistol. This is surely a triumph of civilization which ought to receive high honours at the next International Exposition. It is evident that, with the most humane intention, two unpractised duellists cannot be regarded as entirely secure against the risk of hitting one another. We should like to be informed how MM. Morelli and Paternostro acquired that "*sangfroid* superior to encomium," and that "intrepidity reflecting honour upon any gentleman," which enabled them to discharge six shots apiece without doing any injury which a clothes-brush could not repair. They must necessarily have assumed an appearance of what would be called, by brutal Englishmen addicted to pugilism, "meaning business," because, if a duellist manifestly "delopes," as the learned call it, or fires into the air, the duel thereupon, according to law, terminates. But if an unpractised marksman pretends to try to hit a mark, he may by accident go nearer to it than either he or the mark desired. Writers upon duelling warn their readers that great proficiency in a shooting-gallery may come to little in the field. The sensation of being fired at may disturb unpractised nerves, and an unerring shot at an inanimate target may miss a man who is shooting at the same moment. It would probably be quite as true to say that a man who could be trusted to miss a lifeless mark might, if he possessed less *sangfroid* and intrepidity than an Italian deputy, be liable to hit a living man. A high authority states that he has known persons who required some months' practice before they could overcome the nervous sensation produced by being fired at. There is an invention worthy of international honour which assists to overcome this nervousness. It consists of the figure of a man holding a pistol loaded with powder only, and placed close to the target fired at. A string attached to the trigger of this pistol has its other end attached to the waistband of the trousers of the person firing at the target. That person, by stepping slightly backwards at the moment of discharging the pistol which he holds in his own hand, produces an answering discharge from the figure which confronts him beside the target, and thus accustoms himself to receive an antagonist's fire without feeling nervous or uneasy. The invention thus described is evidently capable of improvement by the mechanical resources of our age, and the skill of various artists might combine to make the attitude and expression of the figure holding the pistol as terrible as possible, and to suggest to the imagination of the person firing at it that it possesses unerring skill and un pitying heart, that it cares not about elevating dignity, and is resolved to perpetrate revenge. No man can imagine, until he makes the experiment, what will be his feelings when stationed in front of an antagonist. He may

miss the man whom he expected to hit. He may hit the man whom he desired to miss. Therefore, we say that an invention for accustoming the nerves to the sensation of being fired at deserves international recognition.

It is true that, after all the resources of science have been exhausted, the representation is not equal to the reality. The Ballot, as we know, has been proposed as a prevention against bribery and intimidation, and the Ballot has just been tried at Manchester with a result which would have been entirely satisfactory and conclusive if it were not for the circumstance that nobody desired to bribe, and nobody attempted to intimidate. So, perhaps, a man's confidence in his nerves derived from firing at a lay figure might be impaired by the consideration that the supposed antagonist did not fire ball. Nevertheless, we regard the success of these Italian duellists, who were able to fire at one another for an hour without hitting, as a clearly marked step in the progress of civilization; and if duels are necessary, as we are told they are, to the working of representative institutions, we are at least justified in expecting that many of these duels will terminate in a declaration that honour is satisfied, and that breakfast for all parties is ready at a tavern adjacent to the field of bloodless combat.

REVIEWS.

NAPOLEON AND PIUS VII.*

M. DE HAUSSEVILLE continues his history of the quarrel between Napoleon and Pius VII. The vast changes and successful wars of the French Revolution had given fresh energy and consciousness of force to secular government; the progress of ideas had enlarged its sphere of action, and the range in which it might assert its right to organize and control. The claims of the State were not likely to be underrated by a man like Napoleon. At first his policy had been to conciliate the Church, which the Revolution had terrified and despoiled, and, by the bait of great and manifest advantages, to tempt it to give its countenance, and even sympathy, to his daring political designs. He partly succeeded; but he asked too much, and the incurable coarseness and vulgarity of the man, which even his clear and large intellect could not counteract or veil, had turned a great negotiation into a common sharper's game, and had diminished the value of important concessions by insisting on conditions incredibly pitiful and vexatious. This was the first stage of the eventful debate, and M. de Haussenville has related it in his first two volumes. But Napoleon could not be satisfied with having won the Church, and laid it under great obligations, unless he could also show it to the world as his degraded and obsequious instrument. The Pope had stooped so low as to consent to crown him, but this was not enough; the Head of universal Christendom, the representative on earth of the Redeemer of mankind, must have as his enemies all who were the Emperor's enemies. Except that the Papacy had passed through crises as bad before, it might have been said that on the decision of Pius VII. hung the fate of his Church, and that, had he yielded, mankind would never have endured it more. But matters did not come to this test. Pius VII. had reached the point where he could yield no further; he stood firm, and General Miollis marched into Rome, and seized the last remains of the Pope's dominions.

If a romancer had wished to imagine an ideal struggle between force and right—between unscrupulous power, utterly contemptuous of all moral restraints, on the one side, and helpless weakness with nothing but conviction to support it, and the belief in the intrinsic strength of justice, on the other—he could hardly have improved on the facts of this trial of strength between Napoleon and Pius VII. A romancer would scarcely have ventured to invent an oppressor, of Napoleon's height of intellect and conscious strength, so senselessly and meanly brutal; he could not have imagined meek nobleness and dignity and self-respect, without ostentation and without discouragement, of a loftier and more genuine sort than was really shown by the Pope—a man naturally but too ready, wherever he could, to compromise and please—when once he made up his mind that he could yield no more, and must face the worst.

The bearing of all these proceedings on the common argument for the Pope's temporal power is worth noting. The great reason given for the existence of an ecclesiastical State different from all others in its conditions is the necessity that the Head of the Catholic Church should be independent; and the possession of sovereign rights and power is supposed to secure this independence. Under Napoleon this was tested; tested, no doubt, in a very rude and extreme way, but yet not beyond the conditions which the advocates of the temporal power must suppose. For if the temporal power fails just when it is wanted, in a time of trial and of danger to the Pope's spiritual freedom, it cannot be of much worth as a guarantee of independence. There was, of course, unscrupulous and overmastering oppression, of an exceptional kind; but against such oppression a Pope with a weak temporal power, or a Pope without any temporal power at all, would be equally defenceless. In such a case the temporal power could not save him; but at the same time he would have been no worse off without any temporal power. But what was the effect of the Pope's claiming to be a temporal sovereign, with the rights, and also the

liabilities, of such a position? It was this, that it gave Napoleon his most plausible ground for requiring that the Pope should bend to his will. When Napoleon insisted that the Pope should take part with him against his enemies, close his ports against the English, and banish his Neapolitan Cardinals, he meant, of course, that the world should understand that all this was done by the Head of the Church; but he demanded it of the Pope as a temporal sovereign, and demanded only what belligerent nations, when they are strong enough, have often demanded. He made the demand because the Pope had certain territory which, unless it was in his own hands and under his control, would give great advantage to the enemies of France, and be very inconvenient to his military plans. Great nations with a serious war to carry on are apt to be high-handed. We seized the Danish fleet; in the Crimean war we put garrisons in Athens. We are not at all sure that the Duke of Wellington would have respected the independence of the Papal States if he had found them hampering his communications in an anxious campaign, and under colour of an ambiguous neutrality, giving an opening to an enemy into the midst of his own lines. In a great struggle, States which are not strong enough to assert their neutrality are liable to be compelled to take a side. It was the Pope's claim to be a prince, like the Grand Duke of Tuscany or the Republic of Venice, which gave a handle to Napoleon, in a great European war, to attack the independence of the ecclesiastical and spiritual chief.

The temporal power only forced the Pope, who was indeed fighting for his religious independence, into a false position. With the history of the last three centuries behind him, and the traditions of Roman policy and diplomacy notorious to all the world, it was not easy to find an answer to the allegation of the clerical partisans of the Emperor, like the Legate Caprara, when they said that "a policy of alliance with France against the English had nothing in it contrary to the duties of the common Father of the faithful, or to the traditions of the Roman Court." Dealing with that Court as with a foreign and unfriendly Government, Napoleon might say, "If the Pope refuses to enter into the Italian Confederation, the reason is that he means war: the first result of war is conquest, and the final result of conquest is change of Government." And the grounds on which he decreed the annexation of the Legations, just before starting for Bayonne, are neither better nor worse than those on which he rested the measures which he ordinarily used towards those who attempted to thwart his political or military schemes:—

Considering, he said, that the donation by Charlemagne, our illustrious predecessor, of the countries forming the States of the Pope, was made for the benefit of Christendom, and not for the advantage of the enemies of our holy religion; considering that the present sovereign of Rome has persistently refused to make war on the English, and to join with the Kings of Italy and Naples for the defence of the Italian peninsula; considering that the interests of the two kingdoms, and of the armies of Italy and Naples, require that their communications should not be interrupted by a hostile power—(and so forth).

These were the arguments, not altogether without speciousness, which the temporal power put into the mouth of the aggressor; while the Pope, in defending the temporal power, not satisfied with putting it on the common ground of public right and justice between nations, was tempted to raise his claims to a level which none but his own partisans could accept, and to embarrass his quarrel for his spiritual rights with assertions and pretensions such as no other temporal prince, under the stress of extreme necessity, would feel himself authorized to make. Unable to protect his subjects from the French invaders, he yet imposed on them, as Pope, on peril of the loss of their souls, the obligation to refuse to recognise the authority of masters whom they could not resist. He forbade them, on pain not merely of treason but of sacrilege, to take the oath of temporal allegiance which their conquerors were sure to require. Every one felt this to be a false move. M. de Haussenville says:—

Après avoir établi que les droits de la souveraineté pontificale étaient d'une essence unique en son genre et supérieure à ceux de toutes les autres souverainetés, Pie VII. parlait avec une réprobation toute nouvelle dans sa bouche de ce gouvernement français qu'il s'agissait de substituer au gouvernement de l'Eglise. C'était, — s'écriait-il dans des termes à tout le moins un peu extraordinaires de la part de celui qui avait signé avec tant de satisfaction le concordat, et qui naguère encore, il y avait deux mois à peine, avait été sur le point de s'allier avec Napoléon contre l'Angleterre — c'était un gouvernement notoirement envahisseur de la puissance spirituelle et protecteur de toutes les sectes et de tous les cultes. La formule de ses serments, ses constitutions, son code, ses lois, ses actes, respirent l'indifférence pour toutes les religions, sans en excepter la religion juive, cette ennemie implacable de J.-C. . . . La protection jurée et si vantée du souverain des Français pour tous les cultes n'était donc autre chose qu'un prétexte et une couleur pour autoriser la puissance séculière à s'immiscer dans les affaires spirituelles, puisqu'en montrant tant de respect pour toutes les sectes, le gouvernement français ne respectait en effet aucun droit, aucune institution, aucune loi de la religion catholique. . . . Il résultait de là . . . qu'il n'était pas permis aux sujets du souverain pontife, tant ecclésiastiques que laïques, de prêter jamais à ce gouvernement intrus serment de fidélité. . . . serment d'un scandale grave qui favoriserait un fait qui ne pouvait tourner qu'au détriment de la foi et à la perte des âmes, serment reprenable, injuste et sacrilège.

The Legations were thrown into perplexity and disquiet, threatening a vain resistance which would have been quelled with merciless severity. The Foreign Ministers—ill-pleased, M. de Haussenville suggests, at seeing the first example of opposition to Napoleon given by so feeble a Power—were scandalized at the Pope's imprudence; M. de Lebzeltern especially, the Austrian Minister, enlarged to Count Stadion on the unhappy and impolitic departure of the Pope's letter from the course recommended by the "lights of the age," and on its opposition to the

* *L'Eglise Romaine et le Premier Empire.* Par le Comte de Haussenville. Tom. iii. Paris: M. Lévy. 1863.

principles professed by pious princes zealous for the interests of Catholicism. M. de Haussouville cannot resist the opportunity of reminding us, with sly amusement, how little M. de Lebelztern, when he talked so wisely, knew of what was going on behind the scenes:—

M. de Lebelztern avait sans doute raison quand il blâmait l'imprudence de la circulaire adressée aux évêques italiens. . . ce n'en était pas moins un signe caractéristique de cette époque d'entendre un ambassadeur d'Autriche parler alors à Rome avec tant de goût des lumières du siècle; à coup sûr, M. de Lebelztern ignorait tout à fait les préparatifs de sa cour en vue d'une guerre prochaine avec l'empereur; quand il prenait résolument parti contre le pape en faveur des souverains si pieux et si zélés pour le catholicisme qui avaient eu le mérite d'établir la tolérance dans leurs États, il était loin de soupçonner l'alliance à peu près formée déjà, moyennant de gros subsides, entre l'Autriche et l'Angleterre, lorsqu'en termes pleins de tristesse il déplorait le manque fâcheux d'accord entre Rome et Paris.

But the mistakes of the Pope are as nothing when we read of them in the middle of a narrative such as M. de Haussouville has put together in this volume, drawn from the most authentic sources—the letters of the Emperor and his agents—and written with a calm and temperate soberness which befits the subject. Any attempt at giving a rhetorical colouring to the facts which he has to tell would be simply insufferable. It was no life and death struggle, in which hard measures are palliated by necessity. The Pope's neutrality was an inconvenience which Napoleon could well afford to bear. It was not stress of danger which drove the Emperor to violence, but irritation at not being able to have his way, and the determination at all costs to bend a will which he despised to his own. At all costs—the cost of sparing no stupid and spiteful outrage, of accumulating one act of ruffianism on another against an old man bearing, and bearing worthily, the most sacred dignity in the civilized world, of stooping to invent lie after lie even more ridiculous than they were impudent, and of displaying before Europe and his own subjects that after all he was baffled. It is impossible to doubt M. de Haussouville; yet we are continually tempted to rub our eyes as he takes us, step by step, through these incredible events.

When Napoleon found that the occupation of Rome by the French troops under General Miollis produced no effect, his next step was to deprive the Pope of his natural Council, the Cardinals, most of whom were summarily—and, in some instances, by main force—driven from Rome. The immediate result was to force the Pope to take as his minister Cardinal Pacca, a man much less inclined to yield than Consalvi, and whom the Pope would not willingly have chosen for his chief adviser. But he could not help himself:—

Il était avant tout homme d'ancien régime; non pas, tant s'en faut, qu'il fût un prêtre rigide, altier et un caractère intraitable; tout au contraire, il était aimable, enjoué, plus versé qu'aucun de ses confrères du sacré collège dans la société romaine, s'y plaisant assez et y plaisant beaucoup, très-vif dans la conversation, très-prompt à la riposte, fort arrêté dans ses idées, peu différentes de celles que le comte Joseph de Maistre défendait alors avec tant de verve dans les salons de St.-Petersbourg, mais ne craignant pas non plus d'examiner toutes choses sous leurs divers points de vue, facile à émouvoir comme la plupart de ses compatriotes, et cependant intrépide, allégre même en face du danger. Tel était alors le nouveau ministre qu'au mois de juin 1808 Pie VII venait d'appeler près de soi, et tel encore nous l'avons connu à Rome vingt ans plus tard dans son alerte vieillesse, l'un des chefs les plus actifs du parti absolutiste, demeuré malgré ses quatre-vingts ans un intrépide causeur, médisant volontiers de la France et rappelant toujours avec la plus évidente satisfaction les années qu'il y avait passées presque toujours en captivité, affectant de mépriser beaucoup les idées libérales et recherchant de préférence les hommes qui les professaient avec le plus d'éclat.

Pacca, courteous and conciliatory in the extreme in his behaviour to Miollis, was not the less resolute in his unflinching opposition. Miollis at length ordered him to quit Rome in twenty-four hours. All that he gained by it was the following scene:—

Pacca n'était pas homme à se troubler pour si peu. Il répondit qu'il n'avait d'ordre à recevoir chez lui de qui que ce fût, et qu'il allait prendre ceux de son souverain. Le major piémontais lui dit alors qu'il ne sortirait pas de la pièce où il était, et que son compagnon était chargé de l'y garder à vue. Le secrétaire d'État demanda la permission d'écrire à S. S., puis qu'on lui interdisait de se rendre en personne auprès d'elle. Le major y consentit, et, se retirant, laissa le cardinal sous la surveillance de son camarade.

Quelques minutes après, pendant que le secrétaire d'État causait avec son gardien de choses indifférentes, la porte de son cabinet s'ouvrit avec fracas; c'était Pie VII qui entra. "Je fus alors témoin, raconte Pacca, d'un phénomène dont j'avais entendu parler, l'horripilation. Dans un accès de puissante colère, il arrive parfois que les cheveux se hérissent et que la vue est entièrement troublée. L'excellent pontife était dans cet état, et, quoique je fusse vêtu en cardinal, il ne me reconnut pas. Qui est là? s'écria-t-il, d'une voix forte.—Je suis le cardinal, lui répondis-je, en lui baissant la main.—Où est l'officier? reprit le saint père, et je le lui montrai près de moi dans une attitude respectueuse. Alors le pape se tournant vers lui—Allez, dit-il, annoncer à votre général que je suis las de souffrir tant d'insultes et d'outrages de la part d'un homme qui se encore se dire catholique. . ."

He proceeded to forbid Pacca to obey the order, and warned the General that he must break the Pope's doors to get at him; and after the astonished French officer, who had not understood a word of all that the Pope had said, had asked Pacca to translate the message for him, the Pope led Pacca away with him, lodged him in an apartment next his own, and gave orders that no one in a French uniform was to be allowed on any consideration to enter the Quirinal Palace.

Napoleon's proceedings at Rome were influenced by the course which events took in Spain and Germany. He hesitated to go to extremities with the Pope, when the Spanish business began to be unexpectedly troublesome. "Evidemment," writes M. de Haussouville, "la parole était aux événements de la guerre." But Napoleon, who, as he says, "had the gift of thinking of everything," had yet time in Spain to think of even puerile ways of making himself per-

sonally disagreeable to the Pope. He wrote a despatch to M. de Champagny, his Foreign Minister, to say that neither he nor the King of Naples, nor any of the princes of his family, would have the wax tapers which the Pope was accustomed to distribute on Candlemas Day:—

M. de Champagny, le pape est dans l'usage de donner des cierges aux différentes puissances. Vous écrivez à mon agent à Rome que je n'en veux pas. Le roi d'Espagne n'en veut pas non plus. Écrivez à Naples et en Hollande pour qu'on les refuse. . . mon chargé-d'affaires fera connaître que le jour de la Chandeleur je reçois des cierges bénits par mon curé, que ce n'est ni la pompe ni la puissance qui donnent de valeur à ces sortes de choses. Il peut y avoir en enfer des papes comme des curés: ainsi le cierge béni par mon curé peut être une chose aussi sainte que celui du pape. Je ne veux pas recevoir ceux que donne le pape, et tous les princes de ma famille doivent en faire autant. (Benavente, Jan. 1, 1809.)

But at length the time seemed come. Napoleon appeared to have conquered in Spain; he had certainly conquered in Germany, and at Schönbrunn he signed the decree for the extinction of the Pope's temporal power. On the 10th of June, 1809, with a curious amount of cautious preparation, the decree was promulgated in Rome, and the tricolour was hoisted at St. Angelo under a salute of cannon. The Pope's answer was not unlooked for:—"The French want to force us to *speaking Latin*; well, we will then"; and the Bull of excommunication, in spite of the vigilance of the French police, was posted up the same day in the usual places. The Pope seems to have hesitated, as he well might, at the feeble violence and clumsy accusations of the draughtsmen of his Chancery, and also at the risk to Pacca himself; but Pacca insisted, and the Bull, destined to be the source of infinite annoyance and vague disquiet to Napoleon, went forth. M. de Haussouville points out its inadequacy, and the anomalies attending it; one of the greatest being that the Pope himself appeared subsequently to make so little account of its having been pronounced. But it is satisfactory to think that, just because it seemed what Napoleon would have called a *coup de théâtre*, it touched a weak and sensitive place in the great despot of right and truth—his imagination, and his fear what the world would say.

The Pope's arrest soon followed. M. de Haussouville gives a curious and minute account of it, in which he has used two reports from the agent employed in the work, the General of Gendarmerie, Radet. The first of these is his despatch to his superior officer at the time; the second is an apologetic and exculpatory memoir addressed, after 1814, to Pius himself. Each is a check on the other, and M. de Haussouville is not insensible to the occasional contrast in tone and language between them. To seize the Pope in the Quirinal is represented as a service of risk, and required as much dexterity and precision of combination as the attack of a fortress. But the only obstacle was in locked doors and rambling passages; and Baron Radet and his gendarmes, after much breaking of locks and panels, found themselves suddenly in the presence of their victim, and were at first as much disconcerted as the Gauls with Brennus at the first appearance of the senators. But they soon recovered themselves. Two hours for preparation were refused. The Pope was hurried off in a close carriage, without servants, without money, carrying nothing away with him but his breviary and his crucifix; and, with scarcely an interval of rest, his journey continued till he was lodged in the Préfecture at Grenoble. But Napoleon did not like having him in France; and, with throngs of people crowding for his blessing at every halting-place, he was transferred to Savona.

The coarse brutality which marked the whole business had probably no parallel even in Napoleon's career; but what was yet more characteristic was the fabric of lies with which it was attempted to be hidden from the public knowledge. Napoleon denied that he had ordered the arrest; not thinking, says M. de Haussouville, that his correspondence would one day be published, though not without gaps, by another Napoleon. His orders to Fouché to prevent any mention in the papers of what had passed at Rome were reiterated, and carried even to fussiness. He did secure for the time, says M. de Haussouville, that nothing was known in France, or at any rate that not a word was breathed there on the subject; and when he had to speak, as later at the National Council, this is the way in which the matter was put in a paper written for him by M. Daunou:—

Voici textuellement ce que nous y lisons, écrit avec force ratures de la main de M. Daunou, à propos de l'enlèvement du saint-père au Quirinal: "Le pape avait tout fait pour que sa présence à Rome devint inutile, et quelques-uns de ses partisans pouvaient, malgré lui, la rendre dangereuse. Il en sortit le 6 juillet, à l'insu de l'empereur, et vint à Savone, où S. M. le fit recevoir, traiter, établir avec tous les égards dus au malheur."

Fouché could not resist the temptation, as he had to lie, of having his bad joke at the public which he kept in order:—

Au moment où la curiosité des nouvelles de la capitale était le plus excitée, alors que chacun était avide de savoir comment le *Moniteur* prendrait sur lui de s'expliquer sur les pérégrinations du saint-père, le ministre inspirateur du bureau de l'esprit public jugea opportun de faire insérer dans la feuille officielle une lettre datée de Grenoble le 1^{er} août 1809. Le 1^{er} août était précisément le jour où, sur les ordres venus du ministère de la police, Pie VII avait été, au grand désappointement des habitants de la cité dauphinoise, brusquement transporté hors de leurs murs. En voyant la date de cette lettre, et le nom de la ville d'où elle était écrite, les lecteurs assidus de la feuille officielle s'imaginèrent sans doute qu'ils allaient enfin apprendre quelque chose sur le grand événement auquel chacun s'intéressait autour d'eux. Quelle ne dut pas être la surprise de tous et l'indignation de quelques-uns, quand tombèrent sous leurs yeux les lignes que voici: "Les esprits sont ici très-préoccupés du passage, dans la commune de Bornin (commune traversée par le pape lors de son arrivée à Grenoble), d'un animal inconnu, que les traces qu'il a laissées font présumer être un reptile d'une grosseur extraordinaire." Suivaient pendant une demi-page les détails les

plus circonstanciés sur le chemin parcouru par le reptile, qui après avoir occupé à un si haut degré l'attention publique, avait fini, au dire de la feuille officielle, par s'aller perdre dans un torrent.

Then followed the divorce, the Emperor's dream of a sort of religious caliphate, his wild thought of an Œcumenical Council called by himself at Paris, and the more practical questions of filling up vacant sees, and transacting the current ecclesiastical business of the whole Roman Catholic world. He found, of course, that he only got deeper and deeper into inextricable difficulty. Here he was on ground where it was no question of temporal power, but purely of conscience and religion. And he was baffled. Obsequious as the higher French clergy for the most part were, he found even Cardinal Fesch troubled with scruples when Napoleon wanted by his own authority to make an Archbishop of Paris. The Pope, too, found means to make known his canonical prohibitions. Napoleon lost all patience, and in letters which are not included in the recent publication of his correspondence he ordered his agents at Savona to treat the Pope as if he were a conspirator and a traitor:—

Les ordres de l'Empereur furent exécutés à la lettre. . . . Ce fut dans la nuit du 8 janvier que le préfet de Montenotte se rendit au palais de l'évêque de Savone pour saisir la correspondance et les papiers du saint-père. "Tout le monde, écrivit-il, était encore enseveli dans le sommeil; rien n'a pu échapper aux recherches." Les recherches dont parle le préfet de Montenotte furent pratiquées avec un soin extrême par des hommes envoyés exprès de Paris et qui savaient leur métier. On visita tous les appartements, on ouvrit, on l'on força tous les tiroirs. On prit soin de découvrir les vêtements de chacun, voire même ceux du pape. Ce que ne dit pas M. de Chabrol, et qu'il ignore peut-être, on crocheta, un peu plus tard, le secrétaire de Pie VII pendant qu'il était descendu se promener dans le petit jardin de l'évêché. Tous les livres trouvés pendant cette perquisition minutieuse furent mis de côté, et l'on enleva au S.-P. son écritoire, ses plumes, jusqu'à son bréviaire, jusqu'à un petit office de la Vierge qu'il portait presque toujours avec lui ainsi qu'une bourse en peau qui contenait un certain nombre de pièces d'or, et que l'on trouva dans l'appartement de Mgr. Doria. "Passe pour la bourse, dit Pie VII, mais que pourront-ils faire de mon bréviaire, et de l'office de la Vierge?" . . . Pour plus de sûreté, et sans doute afin de faire quelque chose qui fût particulièrement pénible à Pie VII, on fit partir pour Fenestrelle les serviteurs obscurs qui paraissaient jouir plus particulièrement de sa confiance. C'est ainsi qu'on lui enleva, à sa grande surprise, jusqu'au vieux valet de chambre qui lui servait de barbier. Dans les papiers compulsés avec soin, on ne découvrit rien que de très-insignifiant. Les pièces d'or trouvées chez Mgr. Doria étaient le produit d'une collecte que de pieux catholiques avaient faite pour subvenir aux besoins du S.-P. Dans la liste de donateurs, que Mgr. Doria avait gardée et qui fut envoyée à Paris, l'empereur eut le désagrément de lire les noms de plus d'une personne appartenant à son gouvernement et même à sa cour.

That was not enough. The anti-climax was not complete. Napoleon, the master of the Continent, could not be easy till the poor old man whom he treated as a crushed enemy had been deprived of a ring, the "Ring of the Fisherman":—

L'Empereur, qui songeait à tout, se garda bien d'oublier de faire enlever au saint-père son humble anneau du pêcheur. C'était de sa part une idée fixe. Déjà il avait écrit à plusieurs reprises à Rome pour qu'on recherchât partout cet anneau, et qu'on l'envoyât à Paris, mais on ne l'avait pas trouvé. Cette fois on espérait être plus heureux. Nouvelle déception; l'anneau du pêcheur avait été renfermé par Pie VII dans le sac de peau où Mgr. Doria avait mis l'argent provenant du denier de S. Pierre. On avait rendu, sans y regarder, et le sac et l'argent, et par conséquent l'anneau à Pie VII. Quand le prince Borghèse s'aperçut de sa fâcheuse méprise, il donna les ordres nécessaires pour que l'on se procurât à tout prix cet anneau, sans toutefois employer la violence s'il se trouvait dans les mains du pape. Mais Pie VII ne le portait pas à son doigt; on ne l'avait vu nulle part. Le capitaine de gendarmerie La Gorse se décida alors à le demander tout simplement au saint-père. Jusque-là Pie VII n'avait pas montré la moindre apparence de mauvaise humeur. . . . Mais à la réquisition du capitaine La Gorse, Pie VII, jusque-là inflexible, se sentit profondément ému. Était-ce ressentiment de ce dernier et incompréhensible affront? Était-ce la crainte qu'on ne fit un usage frauduleux du sceau du pêcheur qui d'ordinaire sert à revêtir les actes les plus importants émanés du chef du catholicisme? Toujours est-il qu'après un peu d'hésitation le pape remit son anneau au capitaine de gendarmerie, mais il avait pris auparavant la précaution de le briser en deux, et ce fut en cet état qu'il fut envoyé à l'Empereur par le prince Borghèse.

THE FIGHT OF FAITH.*

THE victories won by the glorious Reformation are, as we know, in danger; plans have been promulgated for restoring to England the principles and practice of the Church of Rome. Nay, at this moment statesmen are found willing to denounce openly that Protestant ascendancy to which "we owe so much of our Liberty, and so many of our Rights." These last words are quoted from Mrs. S. C. Hall, who has nobly thrown herself into the breach. Seeing the approaching evils, she armed herself with the first volume of a novel written some years ago, lately added a conclusion, and now brandishes this tremendous weapon in the face of the enemy. Her good-will is undeniable, but we fear she will find some troubles in the execution of her design. The first difficulty will be to get her enemies to read her treatise; and we fear that her second will be to get her friends to read it. The vision seen by one of her characters when in a state of "heated imagination" may be perfectly applicable to the future of a country which falls under the power of Rome. "A demon robed in black, and having the authority of judgment, shadowed the island with vampire wings, and as he fanned them slowly, the movement called into existence the most foul and unearthly followers." This is doubtless very powerful, and shows great faculties of delicate characterization. But, alas! it will be all thrown away if the slaves of the "demon with vampire wings"

remain in happy ignorance of the scathing satire. Who would care to listen to Mr. Murphy if his eloquence did not call forth an echo from his outraged opponents? And what is the pleasure of listening to the voice of one crying through a two-volume novel, of which no one beyond her own keenest partisans is likely even to see the outside? We, it is true, have done our best to make known its spirit to such of our readers as have a taste for demons with vampire wings; but we fear that what we have further to say will scarcely excite their curiosity. To put it shortly, Mrs. Hall has endeavoured to combine two forms of art which are exceedingly questionable except in the most vigorous hands. Her book is at once an historical novel, which nobody ought to write whose mind is not saturated with knowledge of the period described, and also a novel with a purpose, which we are inclined to say that nobody should ever write at all. Novels of this kind do indeed sometimes produce a great effect. Some of Mr. Dickens' early works excited a strong feeling about chimney-sweeps, poor boys at Yorkshire schools, and other oppressed classes of the population. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had much to do with the rise of the anti-slavery agitation in America; and other examples might be given of the power of a satire couched in this form. The merit, whatever it may be, of such works is generally gained rather at the expense of artistic effect, and still more at the expense of truth. It may, however, be pardonable at times to exhibit even an exaggerated picture of existing evils, with the view of stimulating the zeal of reformers. But if we must have such performances—and at best they are of very questionable value—let us at least have pictures of something with which the writer is really familiar. A mere fancy portrait of what somebody thinks is really the state of affairs somewhere else, must be unfair, and will ninety-nine times out of a hundred be exceedingly stupid. When therefore a lady proceeds, as Mrs. Hall appears to have done, to get up scraps of history from Lord Macaulay (to which recondite and "eloquent historian" Mrs. Hall specially acknowledges her obligation), and pieces out her ignorance from her imagination, in order to prove to us that Roman Catholics behaved very badly at the end of the seventeenth century, we can but wonder what end she proposes to herself. She of course can add nothing to our knowledge, and, indeed, in all probability she writes a fiction for the worst of all possible reasons, namely, because she does not know the facts. When a writer has spent a great deal of trouble in historical inquiry, we are sometimes sorry that he should use his learning for the purposes of a story instead of applying it to a genuine history. No such complaint can be made of Mrs. S. C. Hall. But we may wonder that she thinks herself entitled to write about a period on the strength of obviously superficial knowledge; both because her conclusions can have no sort of value, and because her colouring can neither be faithful nor vivid. Her Huguenots and Papists are such flimsy personages, and talk such a washy dilution of the ordinary tract mixture, that we care nothing for them, nor for the moral which they are supposed to teach. It is a perfectly fair argument, whatever its precise value may be, that the Roman Catholic religion is a bad one, because those who professed it persecuted the Huguenots, and committed various atrocities in England and Ireland. But before we can judge of the conclusions to be drawn, the first thing is to know the facts. What was the severity and extent of the persecution? how far was it worse than the persecution carried on by the opposite side? and to what extent is it to be charged to the distinctive tenets of the Church in whose favour it was intended? To these and similar questions a novel can give us at best a very imperfect answer. Without much more knowledge than Mrs. Hall seems to possess, it cannot even help us to a vivid realization of one view of the question; and, in short, the outside that we can expect from it is a certain amount of the amusement derivable from unintentional caricature. A good red-hot roaring Protestant in a state of excitement is apt to be an amusing animal, and perhaps some people may be tempted to dip into the *Fight of Faith* in the hope of an occasional smile. For the benefit of such sanguine admirers of eccentricity, we will endeavour to give some slight notion of the plot and style of the novel.

There are, of course, two sets of characters—the diabolical Papists and the angelical Protestants. The chief diabolical personages are a recreant Huguenot, who has become a French courtier, and his son. In the background we catch sight of one or two subordinate villains, such as a priest who scowls hideously, and beats a dying child for singing an heretical hymn, after turning its mother out of doors. On the opposite side are the brother of the recreant Huguenot, his wife, and their little daughter, who has been brought up as a boy that she may not be sent to a convent. After a great deal of scowling and raving and quoting of Scripture, the wicked brother seizes the virtuous brother and his wife, and sends them off to the galleys. The child is saved by being packed off in a ship; the ship is wrecked and every soul drowned, with the exception of the little girl, who turns up, smiling pleasantly, in a remote corner of the Isle of Wight. Thus ends the first act. In the next we find the little girl hospitably received by a virtuous English naval captain of the purest Protestant principles, who tells his wife to shorten sail when he means that she is to leave off talking, and generally demean himself according to the accepted precedents of the rough British tar of comedy and fiction. The captain and his wife not only receive the waif and stray kindly, but provide a French tutor for her education; and who should this tutor turn out to be but her first cousin, the still more diabolical son of the diabolical uncle? This young gentleman has compressed lips and a habit of

* *The Fight of Faith*. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: Chapman & Hall. 1869.

frowning to himself in dark corners, and otherwise acting like a Jesuit in disguise. He is of course suspected by a faithful domestic, but pardoned by the angelical simplicity of the captain's wife, until one fine day he fires a rocket out of a window, and behold, armed men and magistrates rush into the house and carry off the Protestant inmates to a loathsome dungeon on a charge of treasonable practices against King James II. The young lady escapes from this danger as she did from the other, though Mrs. Hall does not take the trouble to account for her mysterious evasion; and thus ends act the second, which has a singular likeness to the first. The curtain rises for the third time, and we find Mdlle. de Chavernay restored to her affectionate guardian in the North of Ireland. She has been released, as it seems, in consequence of the revolution of 1688; and has come to Ireland for no particular reason, except that Mrs. Hall has read Macaulay and has herself visited the scene of the battle of the Boyne, to assist in Schomberg's campaign. Everybody who has been left alive now turns up upon more or less satisfactory pretences. The wicked uncle and his son are acting respectively as an officer in the French army and as a spy in the English camp. A virtuous young parson, who was provided in the second act, retires to Ireland to be ready for the heroine. She has rashly promised to marry no one but her wicked cousin, in order to save the life of her father, who had been in his power. However, the cousin is killed at the battle of the Boyne, and, all difficulties being satisfactorily settled by his death, the old captain dies in the ecstasy of victory, the lady marries the parson, and the virtuous characters live very happily ever after. Thus, to put directly the accusations which the novel obliquely hints, Mrs. S. C. Hall is of opinion that the Huguenots were subjected to the grossest tyranny in order to procure their conversion, that priests forced mothers from the deathbeds of their children, that brothers arrested brothers and sent them into hopeless imprisonment, and that little girls had to be brought up as little boys to save them from compulsory entrance into a nunnery; meanwhile England was swarming with Jesuits in disguise, who went about betraying honest families and convicting them of treason against the government. The amazing Christian virtues of the persecuted race led them to go about blessing those who cursed them, and quoting Scripture with surprising fluency and exactness. There is only one contrast to the prevailing tone of the picture, which we apparently owe to an amiable weakness of Mrs. Hall's. She has an obvious liking for the Irish; and the only good character on the side of the Papists is an Irish girl who is accidentally shot by her father to remove her from her wicked connexions. Perhaps she dwells a little too much upon the natural dislike of this girl to the English invaders, for it tends to remind us that there was such a thing as Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, which copied, to a certain extent, the tyranny of the detestable Papists. Indeed, when Mrs. Hall naively rejoices in the rights which "we" owe to Protestant ascendancy, her own book might have reminded her that we enjoyed them at the expense of other people's rights; and her tone of unlimited exultation might have been qualified by a few shades of remorse. By all means let us condemn the detestable tyranny exercised against the French Protestants; but we had best remember that we cannot boast that our own hands are quite clean, and those should boast least who are proudest of "Protestant ascendancy."

We have only to give a specimen or two of Mrs. Hall's style to satisfy the curiosity of our readers. She has, unfortunately, selected an epoch at which she can hardly use "Marry, come up," and "By'r Lady," and other catch-words. The local colouring is chiefly given by writing "Mistress" at full length, and by addressing a gentleman as "Sir Priest." The dialogue is, moreover, stiffened with a good deal of Scriptural phraseology to give it the proper Protestant twang. This may be easily conceived, and had, perhaps, better not be quoted. Here, however, is a specimen of the commonplace language by which it is relieved. A rough sea-captain and his wife, who is rather an excitable lady, are discussing a storm of the previous night. He says it was "a capfull." She replies:—

Your pardon, husband; we do not differ except in words; the tempest was terrible last night, and you know it. The island, now, is encircled from Cowes to Ventnor by a girdle of seething foam, which the sun tinges but cannot penetrate; what we look upon one moment is obscured the next; and the tired growlings of the storm now are as silence to the fearful raging of the last six-and-thirty hours. I feel restless and unhappy, as if the fore-shadowing of some great calamity.

To which, after a little intermediate sparring, the captain excuses himself for laughing as follows:—

I laughed long ago at Southampton, to see how cropped hair had grown into love-locks, and the cast-up eyes of a Puritan become well practised in the side leer of the Cavalier. I laugh when men mistake a mood for a mind; I laugh when an old sea-dog like myself, a regular tarpaulin, who learnt his business amid icebergs and tropical hurricanes, was expected to cap to a silken scented commander who learnt his seamanship between Whitehall and Twickenham.

When old sea-dogs and their wives are allowed to indulge in such sentences, our readers may imagine for themselves the truth to nature and the general vividness of conception by which the conduct of the story is marked. If Mrs. Hall, as she hopes, "arrests in any degree the progress of those who," in short, object to Protestant ascendancy, there need be little fear of machinations so sensitive to trifling obstacles.

THE ANNALS OF RURAL BENGAL.*

AMIDST the flood of worthless books on trifling subjects which at present corrupts the taste of the reader and drives the reviewer to despair, it is a solid satisfaction to learn that Mr. Hunter has been called upon, "within four months of its original publication, to prepare a third edition" of the *Annals of Rural Bengal*. He modestly attributes this success to "a conscientious desire on the part of the English people to understand the distant nations which have been committed to its care." To some extent, it may be hoped, this is true; but the merit of the desire in question has been greatly lessened by the pleasure with which, under Mr. Hunter's guidance, its gratification is attended. In spite of an unpromising title and some defects of arrangement, the *Annals of Rural Bengal* is a book of singular interest, both as to form and matter. We shall not attempt to criticize Mr. Hunter, for the very good reason that he deals with an unexplored field of history. But we may do some service to intending readers if we put clearly before them what is the story Mr. Hunter has to tell, and in what order he has told it. To do this we must first of all qualify the title of the book. The "Annals" go no further back than the transfer of the country to British rule. This limitation was not a matter of choice. India has no local history:—

Each field, indeed, has its annals. The crops which it has borne during the past century, the rent which it has paid, the occasions on which it has changed hands, the old standing disputes about its water-courses and landmarks, all these are treasured up with sufficient precision. But the bygone joys and sorrows of the district in general, its memorable vicissitudes, its remarkable men, the decline of old forms of industry and the rise of new—in a word, all the weightier matters of rural history, are forgotten. Life wants the outdoor element which it possesses in so remarkable degree in England. Men of the upper classes come less frequently into contact with each other; caste and religious differences dwarf the growth of good fellowship and limit the interchange of hospitalities; and anything like society in the European sense of the word is prevented by the seclusion of the female sex. The strong county feeling which knits together the magnates of an English shire has not had a chance of being developed among the landed gentry of India. Each house scrupulously preserves its own archives, but carefully conceals them from its neighbours. Indeed, it never strikes the listless, rich native, that what to him are dull contemporaneous events will in time possess the interest of history; nor are there any antiquarians to gather up such meagre records as vanity or selfishness may have framed. English history owes much of its value, and still more of its pathos, to the stores of private documents which the strong individuality of bygone Englishmen has left behind; but in India, one rural generation dreams out its existence after another, and all are forgotten.

From the time the English took the administration of Bengal into their own hands, this scarcity of material gives place to an overflowing though hitherto neglected abundance. The chief Government office of every district contains a vast collection of reports, letters, and minutes which "relate, in the words of eye-witnesses and with official accuracy, the daily history of the country":—

We learn from these worm-eaten manuscripts that what we have been accustomed to regard as Indian history is a chronicle of events which hardly affected, and which were for the most part unknown to, the contemporary mass of the Indian people. On their discoloured pages the conspicuous vicissitudes and revolutions of the past century have left no trace. Dynasties struggled and fell, but the bulk of the people evinced neither sympathy nor surprise, nor did the pulse of village life in Bengal move a single beat faster for all the calamities and panic of the outside world. But these volumes, so silent on subjects about which we are already well informed, speak at length and with the utmost precision on matters regarding which the Western world is profoundly ignorant. They depict in vivid colours the state of rural India when the sceptre departed from the Mussulman race. They disclose the complicated evils that rendered our accession, for some time, an aggravation rather than a mitigation of the sufferings of the people. They unfold one after another the misapprehensions and disastrous vacillations amid which our first solid progress was made. They impartially retain the evidence of low motives and official incompetence side by side with the impress of rare devotion and administrative skill. But, taken as a whole, they reveal the secret of England's greatness in the East. They exhibit a small band of our countrymen going forth to govern an unexplored and a half-subdued territory. Before the grave heroism and masterful characters of these men the native mind succumbed. Our troops originated for us a rude Mahratta-like supremacy; but the real records attest that the permanent sources of the English ascendancy in Bengal have been, not their brilliant military successes, but deliberate civil courage and indomitable will.

Nor is the interest of these records of a purely historical kind. They are filled with information of the utmost political value even at this day. The East India Company had promised to govern in accordance with native usages, and during the first thirty years of its rule its officers were repeatedly charged to do all in their power to ascertain what these usages really were. The inquiry included every detail in the agricultural economy of each district, and "laid bare the whole fabric of the rural life of Bengal." It is in these researches that the real land law of the country is to be found, and Mr. Hunter is so emboldened by his acquaintance with them as to promise that it will shortly become possible to arrive at a definite solution of the mystery in which Indian tenures have hitherto been involved. To this important subject he proposes to devote his second volume. Unfortunately, the sweeping and perhaps premature reforms in the revenue system introduced at the close of the first quarter of the present century, together with the growing demands of administrative duty on the time and energy of the Company's servants, have long put an end to these investigations. "The labours of a previous school of officers soon became a subject of indifference to their successors; the quick decay of a tropical

* *The Annals of Rural Bengal*. By W. W. Hunter, B.A., &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.

climate began its work; and of the researches that had occupied the ablest administrators during the first fifty years of our rule, the greater part has, during the second fifty years, been made over as a prey to mildew and white ants." Even Mr. Hunter seems only to have discovered their existence by accident; but now that the publication of his work has made known their value, it is to be hoped that, wherever such documents are still in being, they will be carefully preserved from further decay. We can imagine no better way of securing this end than by placing Mr. Hunter at the head of a new department of Indian Records.

The district [with] which this volume chiefly deals is that of Beerbhoom and Bishenpore, "the two great frontier principalities of Lower Bengal." In many respects this is a country of singular interest even for India. Its geographical characteristics distinguish it alike from the plateau of the Deccan, which bounds it towards the south, and from the plain of the Ganges, towards which it slopes on the north. On the inhabitants of this, "the outpost of the Sanskrit race on the west of Lower Bengal, devolved, during three thousand years, the duty of holding the passes between the highlands and the valley of the Ganges." To this day "they are a manlier race than their kinsmen of the plains"; to this day they form a composite people made up "of two races, which in intellect, language, and in everything that makes a nation great or ignoble have been selected as the highest and the lowest types of mankind." In the lowlands these races are found intermingled in various proportions; in the hills the aboriginal tribes "have preserved their primitive descent intact." Mr. Hunter's second and third chapters are full of striking instances of the influence which the black races have exercised on the Aryans wherever they have been brought into contact with them. The latter were the more open to this action because they had started on their march for Lower Bengal before Hinduism had developed into that "complicated and costly superstition" which it became in the North-west Provinces and the Punjab. The *patois* of Lower Bengal is full of words which have no connexion with Sanskrit, and "although such words are carefully excluded from written Bengali, they are ever in the mouths of the husbandman, the herdsman, and the forester, and they have furnished the domestic language of affection in which the mother speaks to her child." The religion of the Aryans in Bengal has equally undergone a change. Siva-worship, as Mr. Hunter shows, is distinctly traceable to the theology of the primitive race. The sanguinary aboriginal deity has forced an entrance into the Hindu Pantheon, and in proportion as the aboriginal element predominates in the population he has supplanted the older gods. "Siva-worship is the only form of religion which has now any hold on the masses in the Lower Valley. Krishna, or Vishnu, is the god of the higher castes," but "in all time of need it is on Siva—a deity scarcely known to the earliest Aryan writers—that the Bengali populace calls." It would seem that the first Aryan colonists had tried to trample out this bloody worship at the same time that they enslaved those who practised it. When Buddhism, driven forth from the Sanskrit kingdom of Oudh, established itself in Lower Bengal, its missionaries owed, it may be, their easy victories to the circumstance that they presented themselves as the deliverers of the classes of aboriginal descent:—

But a negative religion, though it may be the creed of a dynasty, is never the religion of a people. Buddhism quickly lost its active principle in Lower Bengal, and retreated to monasteries or to secluded religious villages among the mountains, such as the Holy City in Beerbhoom; content with having placed a Buddhist dynasty on the throne, and with having spread a thin crust of monotheism over the surface of society. The common people were also satisfied; they were let alone. . . . Such a state of affairs could not be permanent: as Buddhism retired from public life to its monastic solitudes, Brahmanism crept back into its place, and at last drove it forth altogether. But of Brahmanism there are always two sides, the spiritual and the idolatrous; the former represented by the merciful worship of Vishnu, the latter by the bloody rites of Siva, the aboriginal Rudra. Brahmanism had learned wisdom in disgrace; it had learned that nowhere, not even in Bengal, can a dynasty be lasting which sets its face against the people. Instead, therefore, of again introducing their old esoteric religion, with its sublime dogmas and unbloody sacrifices of fruits, milk, and oil, the Brahmins threw themselves upon the people, and preached the popular side of their creed; with the popular Siva or Rudra at its head, to be worshipped according to the popular bloody rites. This was precisely the religion for the semi-aboriginal population of Lower Bengal. The mass of superstition that had always existed, and still everywhere exists, in Buddhist countries, upheaved, splintering into a thousand fragments the thin crust of monotheism that had concealed it. From that period modern Hinduism dates, with its top reaching to the heavens, and its feet descending into the lowest depths of man's depraved heart. Only in Lower Bengal is its baser form a homogeneous and strictly national religion; for only in Lower Bengal did the Brahmins, deliberately rejecting the spiritual side of the Sanskrit faith, identify themselves with the semi-aboriginal superstitions of the masses. Go where he chooses, the Hindu of the Lower Valley is known by his gross materialism and bloody rites.

The influence of the indigenous race may further be recognised in the social condition of the Bengalis. A population consisting of masters and slaves is not easily welded into a single nationality, and the presence of the latter element has greatly promoted that contempt for labour of all kinds which has so long marked the Hindu. "It is a bad thing for a race to be able to get other people to do its work during three thousand years." The consequence is that, under an impartial government, the non-Aryan element is everywhere competing at an advantage with the superior class. As industry ceases to be discreditable, the great bar to the creation of capital in India will be removed, and civilization may in future owe more to the despised tribes of the mountain and the jungle than to the pure-blooded aristocracy of the plains.

The East India Company did not undertake the direct administration of Bishenpore and Beerbhoom until 1787. Up to that time they had been governed by their hereditary princes, and it was only when the abuses provoked by the increasing feebleness of their rule brought the commercial operations of the Company within their jurisdiction to a stand that Lord Cornwallis determined to unite the two principalities into a British district. Mr. Hunter's first chapter—which should be read, we think, after the second and third—describes the condition of the country at the period of transfer. Eighteen years earlier Bengal had been visited by a famine, the effects of which had not exhausted themselves after an interval of forty years. The rice-crop which should have been gathered in December, 1769, failed from want of rain, and by the following May one-third of the population had perished. The next year came a harvest of unusual abundance, but it came "to a silent and deserted province." Ten million of human beings had perished, and for many a year after whole districts lay uncultivated for want of men to till the ground. A great part of the native aristocracy found itself unable to pay the land-tax demanded by the Government, and sank by degrees into irremediable debt and ruin. "When the local records open they disclose the Rajah of Beerbhoom hardly permitted to pass the first year of his majority before being confined for arrears of revenue, and the venerable Rajah of Bishenpore, after weary years of duress, is let out of prison only to die." The whole aspect of society in Bengal was changed. Instead of there being more husbandmen than there were holdings for them to occupy, the peasantry had to be courted to take land; and the great proprietors tried to entice each other's tenants by offers of low rents and protection against law-suits. But the desolation went on increasing in spite of everything. The cultivators fled from the deserted villages to the cities, and by 1780 the greater part of Beerbhoom had become an almost impassable jungle, infested by tigers and wild elephants. Where some traces of cultivation remained the banditti were as formidable as the wild beasts, and the first years of the Company's administration saw the Collector of the district reduced to wage a barely equal conflict with a constant succession of armed and organized depredations.

Such was the condition of the south-western highlands of Bengal at the period at which Mr. Hunter takes up their history. The account we have given of his opening chapters will show how comprehensive have been the preliminary researches by which he has prepared himself for his task. The narrative to which these researches serve as the indispensable introduction hardly begins in the present volume. All that Mr. Hunter attempts to do is to paint the state of affairs in the frontier district during the years that immediately followed the change of Government. With this view he shows us the Company as a rural administrator and as a rural manufacturer; he relates its dealings with the currency, and its essays towards an improved administration of civil and criminal justice; and having thus laid the foundation of his work, he leaves the reader genuinely anxious to see the speedy completion of the superstructure.

FULLER'S CHURCH HISTORY.*

(Second Notice.)

FULLER calls his work the *Church History of Britain*: at the same time, in more than one place he distinctly excludes Scotland from being any part of his subject. It is only when he gets near to his own time, when the attempted introduction of the English ritual into Scotland had such important effects in both countries, that he does, for a short season, cross the border, and even then he comes back home again as soon as he can. But Fuller, in the seventeenth century, had, seemingly without effort, performed that feat which seems so hard to so many of our friends in the nineteenth, and had learned to know an Englishman from a Welshman. In his very first page he speaks of "the Britons, our predecessors," a form of words which, simple and accurate as it is, seems to many people the most unintelligible of mysteries. So presently, when he comes to the controversy as to the birth-place of Constantine, he debates everything in due form, stating each Objection with its Answer to follow it. We there read:—

Objection III.—Bede, a grave and faithful author, makes no mention of Constantine born in Britain, who (as Lipsius maketh) would not have omitted a matter so much to the honour of his own nation.

Answer.—By the leave of Lipsius, Constantine and Bede, though of the same country, were of several nations. Bede, being a Saxon, was little zealous to advance the British honour: the history of which Church he rather toucheth than handleth, using it only as a porch to pass through it to the Saxon history. And Saxons in general had little skill to seek, and less will to find out, any worthy thing in British antiquities, because of the known antipathy betwixt them.

And it is but a slight backsliding when we read directly after:—

Now see what a pinch Verstegan, whose teeth are sharpened by the difference of religion, gives Mr. Fox: "What is it other than an absurdity, for an English author to begin his epistle to a huge volume with 'Constantine, the great and mighty emperor, the son of Helen, an Englishwoman?' &c. Whereas," saith he, "in truth, St. Helen, the mother of Constantine, was no English but a British woman." And yet Fox's words are capable of a candid construction, if by "Englishwoman" we understand, by a favourable prolepsis, one born in that part of Britain which since hath been inhabited by the English. Sure, in the same dialect St. Alban hath often been

* *The Church History of Britain, from the Birth of Jesus Christ until the Year MDCLVIII.* Endeavoured by Thomas Fuller, D.D., with a Preface and Notes by James Nichols. 3 vols. London: Wm. Tegg. 1868.

called "the first martyr of the English," by many writers of good esteem. Yea, the breviary of Sarum, allowed and confirmed no doubt by the infallible Church of Rome, greets St. Alban with this salute:—

Ave, proto-martyr Anglorum,
Miles Regis angelorum,
O Albane, illos martyrum.

Sure, Helen was as properly an Englishwoman as Alban an Englishman, being both British in the rigid letter of history; and yet may be interpreted English in the equity thereof. Thus it is vain for any to write books, if their words be not taken in a courteous latitude; and if the reader meets not his author with a pardon of course for venial mistakes, especially when his pen slides in so slippery a passage.

On the whole there is not much to quarrel with in Fuller's account of these earliest times. He certainly depreciates Augustine and the work that he did; so to do is a temptation almost impossible to be withstood by a professed anti-Roman controversialist. But he is not carried away by the dream of an "ancient British Church," like those modern writers who seem to forget that they are Englishmen at all. Do any of our readers remember a book on English Monachism by Mr. O'Dell Travers Hill, which we reviewed some time back? or are there any whose memory can reach so far as to remember a frantic book called *Perranzabuloe, or the Lost Church Found*, published some five-and-twenty years or more ago by Mr. Collins Trelawny, and recently republished? Beside the extravagances of books like these, Fuller's faint yearnings after the ancient British Church and its supposed purity seem mild indeed. To be sure he sometimes talks about "Saxons," when he had better have said "English," but he says English about as often, and he grasps the real relations of Britons, English, and Normans in a way which one is glad to come across nowadays. This sentence, for instance, though we doubt its political truth, is well put in other respects:—

William the Conqueror built most of them [the castles], and then put them into the custody of his Norman lords, thereby to awe the English into obedience. But these Norman lords, in the next generation, by breathing in English air, and wedding with English wives, became so perfectly Anglicized and lovers of liberty, that they would stand on their guard against the King, on any petty discontentment.

Fuller here thoroughly grasps the relations between the two races; he does not grasp the fact that for a private lord to defend his castle against the King was much more of a Norman than of an English proceeding. We must wait for the great days of resistance to John and Henry the Third before we see Norman lords acting thoroughly in the character of Englishmen.

In this early part of the book we come across a curious incidental witness to the mediæval pronunciation of Greek. Fuller meets with two verses on the legendary King Lucius:—

Lucius in tenebris prius idola qui coluisti,
Et merito celebris ex quo baptismus subisti.

On these he comments in his quaint way:—"It seems the puddle-poet did hope that the jingling of his rhyme would drown the sound of his false quantity. Except any will say, that he affected to make the middle syllable in *idola* short, because in the days of King Lucius idolatry was curbed and contracted, whilst Christianity did dilate and extend itself." Not at all; the "puddle-poet" simply pronounced *idōla* by accent, as a native Greek would have done. The odd thing is that Fuller did not see this, as it is certain that there were scholars at Cambridge who retained the accentual pronunciation of Greek as late as the days of Bentley.

A specimen of Fuller's quaintness of expression, and at the same time of the credulity which still lingered in his age, is found in the reason which he gives for the superhuman length of days said to have been enjoyed by many of the old British saints. "A wonder it is," says he, "to see how many Methuselahs (extreme aged men) these times did produce." He then goes into the reason of the matter in a way half pious, half philosophical:—

Some reason whereof may be alleged: Because, living retired in a contemplative way, they did not bruise their bodies with embroiling them in worldly affairs; or it may be ascribed to their temperate diet, whilst many of our age spill their radical moisture through the leaks of their own luxury. Nor is it absurd to say, that God made these great tapers of a more firm and compacted wax than ordinary, so that they might last the longer in burning, to give light to his church, and bestowed on them an especial strong natural constitution.

Some way on he has a curious defence of the Welsh tongue "against such as causelessly traduce it." The Welsh language "was one of those which departed from Babel, and herein it relates to God, as the more immediate author thereof, whereas most tongues in Europe owe their beginning to human depraving of some original language." He instances the Italian, Spanish, and French, which he calls "daughters or nieces to the Latin, generated from the corruption thereof." By "nieces" Fuller of course means "granddaughters"; had he that notion which Sir George Lewis wrote against, of a single Romance language, whether we call it Provençal or anything else, intervening between Latin and the existing forms? He goes on to praise Welsh as being "unmixed," "unaltered," and "lastly durable, which had its beginning at the confusion of tongues, and is likely not to have its ending till the dissolution of the world." He then goes on to defend Welsh from the charge of "being hard to be pronounced, having a confux of many consonants, and some of them double sounded; yea," he continues, "whereas the mouth is the place wherein the office of speech is generally kept, the British words must be uttered through the throat." Fuller's answer to this charge illustrates the imperfect philology of his day, and its connexion with a sort of mystical theology; but we are afraid that

there are many people who would make the same answer now. "This," he tells us, "rather argues the antiquity thereof, herein running parallel with the Hebrew (the common tongue of the old world before it was enclosed into several languages), and hath much affinity therewith in jointing of words with affixes and many other correspondencies." He next answers the "cavil that it grates and tortures the ears of hearers with the harshness thereof; whereas indeed," says Fuller, "it is unpleasant only to such as are ignorant of it." He then goes on with a characteristic remark which is worth extracting:—

What is nick-named "harshness" therein, maketh it indeed more full, stately, and masculine. But such is the epicurism of modern times, to adulate all words to the ear, that (as in the French) they melt out, in pronouncing, many essential letters, taking out all the bones, to make them bend the better in speaking; and such hypocrites in their words speak them not truly in their native strength, as the plain-dealing British do, who pronounce every letter therein more manly, if less melodious.

We venture to think that both the High Dutchman and the Spaniard have an equal right to this praise of Fuller's with the Briton, but what would Fuller have said to Gaelic?

It is odd to find our old friend Benedict Biscop (whom, it may be remembered, the *Times* once described as a "Northumbrian gentleman," and at the same time fancied to be the founder of the Benedictine order) appearing in Fuller as "one Benault, a foreign bishop (but of what place I find not)." Some historians would doubtless have quartered this unknown foreign ecclesiastic at Lexovia; but Fuller, though he is fond of calling people Frenchmen a little too early, knew the ecclesiastical geography of Gaul well, and when he comes to a person described as "Ebroicensis episcopus," he very properly rules that his see was not at York, but at Ebreux.

The following passage is really by no means a bad description of the change from the old precarious Bretwaldadom to the permanent supremacy of the West Saxon Kings:—

Egbert in this very year made himself sole monarch of England. True it is, in the Saxon heptarchy there was generally one who out-powered all the rest. But such monarchy was desultory and movable, sometimes the West Saxon, sometimes the Mercian, sometimes the Northumbrian, king ruled over the rest. But henceforward Egbert fixed the supreme sovereignty in himself and his posterity: for though afterwards there continued some petty kings, as Kenulph King of Mercia, &c., yet they shined but dimly (as the moon when the sun is risen), and in the next age were utterly extinguished.

We have dwelt at some length on Fuller's treatment of the earliest times, because there is really no other test so good of a writer's critical power. And Fuller, if set to compete with a good many writers of our own time, would certainly not come out at the bottom of the list. Here is a specimen of his quaint humour some centuries later. He is speaking of the religious and charitable foundations of King Stephen:—

And whereas formerly there were paid out of every ploughland in England, betwixt Trent and Edinburgh-Firth, twenty-four oat sheaves for the king's hounds; Stephen converted this rent-charge to his new-built hospital in York: a good deed, no doubt; for, though it be unlawful to "take the children's bread and cast to it unto the dogs," Mark vii. 27; it is lawful to take the dog's bread and give it unto the children.

Of Fuller's treatment of the period of the Reformation we have already spoken at some length. He throughout tries to be fair, and he often succeeds. The way in which he deals with some points in Cranmer's character does him honour; as when he speaks boldly of "Cranmer's inexcusable cowardly dissimulation in the disputation against Lambert." We doubt Fuller's facts when he describes Cranmer as "arguing, though civilly, shrewdly against the truth and his own private judgement," for it is far more probable that Cranmer still believed in transubstantiation; still Fuller's remarks are weighty in themselves, and especially worthy of notice at a time when the Archbishop's acts and character have been the subject of so much discussion as they have been lately:—

Was not this worse than "keeping the clothes" of those who killed St. Stephen? seeing this archbishop did actually "cast stones" at this martyr, in the arguments he urged against him. Nor will it excuse Cranmer's cowardice and dissimulation to accuse Gardiner's craft and cruelty, who privily put the archbishop on this odious act; such Christian courage being justly expected from a person of his parts and place as not to be acted by another, contrary to his own conscience. I see not, therefore, what can be said in Cranmer's behalf, save only that I verily hope and steadfastly believe, that he craved God's pardon for this particular offence, and obtained the same on his unfeigned repentance. And because the face of man's faults is commonly seen in the glass of their punishment, it is observable, that, as Lambert now was burned for denying the corporal presence, so Cranmer, (now his opponent) was afterwards condemned and died at Oxford for maintaining the same opinion; which valour if sooner shown, his conscience had probably been more cleared within him, and his credit without him to all posterity.

To the history of monasteries in England Fuller devotes a whole book of his work. Of course we must not look for philosophy in it, nor indeed for very much of criticism, but, on the whole, his account is not to be despised. We find, however, a few odd slips, as when he says (ii. 168) that Waltham was "for Benedictines at the first," and when (ii. 278) he says that Abbot Whiting was "hanged for his recusancy to surrender the Abbey and denying the King's supremacy." This last confusion is constantly found in local writers and in the small fry of antiquaries generally, but one is really amazed to find it in Fuller. It is still more amusing when he talks (ii. 328) of "the Lord Abbot of Saint Vedastus (*Anglicè* Saint Forster's) in Arras." Surely, there is no authority for the existence of such a Saint as Saint Forster beyond the odd misnomer which has arisen from the accident of Saint Vedast's church in London standing in Forster Lane.

Fuller is struck, as he well might be, with the fact that several Bishops who conformed to the changes under Henry, and even for a good while to those under Edward, refused to conform under Elizabeth. He divides the Bishops in Edward's times into three classes—"Zealous Protestants," "zealous Papists," and a third class whom he calls "Papists in heart, but outwardly conforming to the King's laws, as Heath, Archbishop of York, and many other Bishops." On this class he thus comments:—

Here it is worthy our inquiry why this latter sort, who so complied under King Edward VI., should be so stubborn and obstinate under Queen Elizabeth; whereof I can give but this reason assigned—that, growing older and nearer their graves, they grew more conscientious and faithful to their own (though erroneous) principles, it being in vain to dissemble, now death did approach, though their younger years had been guilty of such variations.

But this judgment of Fuller's, like his judgment of Cranmer's conduct in the matter of Lambert, goes on the mistaken assumption that every man, in the actual agony of transition, must have been either "Papist" or "Protestant," in the clearly defined sense which those words bore a hundred years later. If a man did not act with perfect consistency in one or other of those characters, Fuller thinks he must have been dissembling. But the truth no doubt is that the mass of Englishmen, whether Bishops or anything else, had not, in Henry's time and in the first days of Edward, yet learned the necessity of being either one or the other. Some no doubt thought that change had gone too far, others that it had not gone far enough; but neither party had as yet pushed its scruples so far as to feel bound to disobey what was law for the time being. It is a memorable fact that Gardiner, though thinking that change had gone too far, was ready to use the first English Prayer-Book. But, some years later, men had found out that this intermediate position was untenable, and that they, and the Church of England, could not help taking one side or the other. Gardiner, Bonner, and even Heath and Thirlby, now chose the Romish side. Here, we take it, is the real explanation of the fact which puzzled Fuller, namely, that men who had admitted the greater claims of Henry and Edward refused the smaller claims of Elizabeth. It is some comfort, however, to find Fuller (see ii. 502, 503) thoroughly aware that the claims of Elizabeth were smaller claims. He pointedly sets forth the refusal of the great Queen to assume that title of "Head of Church" which not only common careless talkers, but even lawyers and others who should know better, persist to this day, without a shadow of legal sanction, in forcing on the sovereign of England.

Coming nearer to his own time, Fuller has much to say about the famous Antonio de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato, Dean of Windsor, Master of the Savoy, Rector of West Ilsley, but not Archbishop of York. Among other things we may notice that Fuller spells Spalato right, whereas, if one ventures to spell it so nowadays, it commonly gets turned into Spalatro. Those were the days of pluralities, but even then it seems to have been thought scandalous for a Dean to abuse the Chapter patronage to his own enrichment. "Finding one precedent in his predecessor, he collated this parsonage [West Ilsley] on himself." But the thing to be most noticed about him in Fuller is the following:—

We must not forget, that Spalato (I am confident I am not mistaken therein) was the first who, professing himself a Protestant, used the word "Puritan" to signify the defenders of matters doctrinal in the English church. Formerly the word was only taken to denote such as dissented from the hierarchy in discipline and church government; which now was extended to brand such as were Anti-Arminians in their judgments. As Spalato first abused the word in this sense, so we could wish he had carried it away with him in his return to Rome. Whereas, now leaving the word behind him in this extensive signification thereof, it hath since by others been improved to asperse the most orthodox in doctrine, and religions in conversation.

The dedications of the different sections of Fuller's work are worth notice. One hardly knows which most to wonder at—the number of his "patrons" of all sorts and classes, or the ingenuity with which he finds something special to say to each, either in Latin or in English. This kind of thing has gone out of fashion now, and, on the whole, it is better that it has gone out of fashion; still with it writers have lost the chance of saying a great many smart, pretty, and appropriate things.

Lastly, we have a word or two to say as to the editing of this edition. In reprinting an author of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, the question always arises, how far we are bound to retain the original spelling. It seems hardly needful to retain the utterly chaotic spelling, the wild waste of letters, of the middle of the sixteenth century, to wit, "Busshoppe" for "Bishop" and such like. But the spelling of the word is often part of the history of the word, and in such cases we ought surely not to wipe out the history. And it often happens that the difference between the older and newer word is more than a difference in spelling; it is a difference between two different forms of the word, or between two words of cognate origin. Mr. Nichols certainly seems to us to have taken some very unwarrantable liberties with his author's text. Let us hear his account of his own doings:—

The passive participle I have commonly found to be accurately formed; *took* is the principal exception, which I have uniformly changed into *taken*. The genitive case of nouns was, in many passages, constructed on the clumsy plan of circumlocution, which, soon after the Revolution, became quite obsolete, and which I have in this work always discarded. Thus, for such phraseology as "the end of *King James his reign*," I have substituted "the end of *King James's reign*." The author always employs *funerals* and *corpses* (applied to one person,) as plural nouns, and I have changed them into the singular.

So again—

I have substituted the relative *who* or *that*, for "which" when applied to persons; though the almost indiscriminate use of all the three relatives in such application was the common practice of that age. Another alteration also I have conceived it to be a part of my duty to effect:—to prevent this generally very correct writer from transgressing the rules of grammar, especially in his hasty mode of yoking a verb in the singular number with two or more plural nouns in the nominative.

Now, with all deference to Mr. Nichols, we want Fuller's text as he wrote it, and not as Mr. Nichols thinks good to improve it. Take again his "list of such words as he has changed for others, their cognates in meaning and derivation." The massacre is pitiful. It is cheering to find that, as late as Fuller's day, "sprongen" and "sungen" still existed as participles from "spring" and "sing." Mr. Nichols ruthlessly changes them into "sprung" and "sung." If Fuller talked about a "rythmer," why should Mr. Nichols change it into a "rhymester"? Why get rid of "justicer"? Why change "chirurgeon" into "surgeon"; why change the perfectly good word "eremitical" into "heremitical," a word of Mr. Nichols' own coinage? "Chantry-priests" might well enough be changed into "chantry-priests," but why into "chanter-priests," unless to show that Mr. Nichols does not know what a chantry is? On the next page we find a number of words which Mr. Nichols for various reasons has retained (as Sir Charles Barry "retained" Westminster Hall), though they are seldom employed in modern writing. Among them are "chequered," "datary," "eftsoons," "evangel," "pursy," "sewer" [dapifer], "infamed." Lastly is it Fuller or is it Mr. Nichols who calls the territorial extent of a Bishop's jurisdiction his "diocess"?

LES INUTILES.*

THERE is a theatre in Paris which is scarcely known to English travellers, and, under ordinary circumstances, is rarely sought by the Parisians themselves, but which within the last twelve months has acquired a considerable amount of celebrity, and that of the most creditable kind. The Théâtre de Cluny—such is its name—has made two bold ventures, both of which have proved successful, and is called, therefore, by the French wits of the day, the "Theatre of Experiments." Its power of attracting an audience beyond the precincts of its own immediate neighbourhood comes, however, unless we are greatly mistaken, by flashes. Thus it became universally conspicuous a year ago through the production of a comedy by the late M. Félicien Mallefille, entitled *Les Sceptiques*; and it is now still more an object of general attention through the production of another comedy by M. Edouard Cadol, entitled *Les Inutiles*, which had no sooner achieved a success in Paris, when brought out towards the end of last September, than it was performed simultaneously in two of the principal theatres at Brussels. Since that time the sound of M. Cadol's fame has soared into lofty regions, and the whole company of the Théâtre de Cluny has, at the request of the Emperor, played *Les Inutiles* before the Court at Compiègne. In the Parisian playbills of the day the title of the comedy has become a fixture. It was brought out shortly before the withdrawal of *Fanny Lear*, the great piece of the summer, from the boards of the Gymnase, and, while novelties have sprung up in every direction, it has remained the most remarkable work of the present season, though it has now to contend with three rivals—namely, a dramatized version of Mrs. H. Wood's *East Lynne*, entitled *Miss Multon*, brought out at the Vaudeville; *Séraphine*, a comedy by M. V. Sardou, launched at the Gymnase as a bolt aimed at female devotees; and *Les Faux Ménages*, a piece written by M. E. Pailleron, a new hand, who seeks to rehabilitate the "social evil" on the boards of the venerable Théâtre Français.

During the interval that occurred when *Les Sceptiques* had ceased to run and *Les Inutiles* had not been produced, the Théâtre de Cluny, though still open, seemed to relapse into its old position as a mere local establishment, and herein its case is one to which we cannot find a parallel in theatrical London. There is no doubt that the comedies of Mr. T. W. Robertson have done a great deal towards maintaining the Prince of Wales's Theatre, once one of the most obscure of our capital, in its position as a place of fashionable resort; but there is a permanence in Miss Wilton's elevation of the old Queen's that is not reflected across the Channel. Since the production of Mr. T. W. Robertson's *Society*, Tottenham Street has been celebrated as the place where people have a chance of seeing the best possible performance of works that have a better title to be called comedies than most of the new works brought out elsewhere. The Théâtre de Cluny, on the other hand, seems to have its periods of darkness, during which its visible existence is in abeyance.

The celebrity of *Les Sceptiques* was no doubt somewhat increased by the fact that it had been refused by the Théâtre Français, for its success in a remote quarter gave dramatic Radicals an opportunity of inveighing against the injustice of an institution which is one of the most conservative in France, as everybody knows who is acquainted with the struggles of MM. Hugo and Dumas against the force of time-honoured maxims. Its author, M. Félicien Mallefille, who has died within the last few weeks, was socially much esteemed, but as a dramatist he had a reputation which in the opinion of many was greatly below his deserts. *Le Cœur et la Dot*, a comedy from his hand produced at the Théâtre Français as far back as 1852, was pre-eminently successful, but had neither been preceded nor followed by any work comparable

* *Les Inutiles*. Comédie en quatre Actes. Par Éd. Cadol. Paris: Librairie Internationale. 1868.

to it in importance, nor will the student of the modern French drama who wishes to make himself acquainted with this reputed *chef-d'œuvre* be induced to think his pains very well requited. The personages by whom the action is carried on are indeed strongly marked, and the question between love and money as causes of wedlock is vigorously discussed in a practical debate, which of course terminates in favour of the former; but the whole work is formed by that intermingling of the farcical and sentimental elements which render the works of the Morton and Reynolds school so unpleasant when surveyed from a literary point of view, without regard to their possible effectiveness on the stage. However, its success, as we have said, was great, and its isolated condition easily led to the inference that M. Mallefille was in some sort a neglected genius. This opinion was confirmed by the production at the Théâtre de Cluny of *Les Sceptiques*, which, though rejected by the Théâtre Français, is much higher in its tone, and much more closely approaches the rank of genuine comedy, than its fortunate predecessor. Using for the basis of his plot two of those illicit *liaisons* which recent experience has accustomed us to consider almost indispensable to the modern stage of Paris, the author seriously dwells upon the danger of that prevalent disregard of the maxims of sound morality which he considers to be one of the prevalent maladies of actual society. The sceptic, in his sense of the word, is not of the speculative kind represented by Sextus Empiricus among the ancients, and by David Hume among the moderns; but typifies the modern man and woman of fashion, who sneer away the foundations of time-honoured institutions, the various personages of the play being for the most part varieties of the same species. The oldest sceptic of the party suffers retribution by the discovery that his wife has been seduced by a younger sceptic whom he has trained in his own principles, and the younger sceptic expiates his sin by a suicide which brings the piece to a close. Self-destruction seems a little out of place in a work which is not only called a comedy, but which is written in a spirit consistent with that designation; and it is possible that a disapproval of this feature of the work caused its refusal by the Théâtre Français.

M. Cadol, the author of *Les Inutiles*, is altogether a celebrity of the present day. His piece had been refused everywhere long before the public heard of its existence, and he had not, like M. Mallefille, the consolation of looking back to a bright speck in the past. After a time it was lost altogether, and for four entire years no one knew what had become of it. At last it was found in some impossible place by M. Larochelle, the present Director of the Théâtre de Cluny, who appreciated the value of the treasure-trove, and produced it on the stage, where it still remains. The peculiarity which distinguishes *Les Inutiles* from the contemporary dramas of France is its total freedom, not only from immorality, but from all reference to illicit correspondence between the sexes. We are often edified by the declaration of some French dramatist, that the works we have been in the habit of regarding as immoral are replete with sound social doctrine. All sorts of woes are traced on the French stage to the prevalence of adultery, which is regarded now as a source of deadly calamity, now as a cause of inconvenience. Another origin of mischief is the "social evil," against whose fascinations Parisian youth is warned with a zeal that would do honour to King Solomon or George Lillo. What can be more wholesome than a condition of the stage in which the most conspicuous class of sinners receives the severest castigation? Surely we ought to rejoice when we hear that a new play by M. Octave Feuillet is about to be produced in which adultery will be lashed as it was never lashed before. Nevertheless, everybody who knows anything of the subject feels that all arguments to prove the moral tendency of the modern French stage are but so many sophisms, however plausible they may seem. There is an art of using the lash in such a way as to render the flagellated party interesting by virtue of the operation, and no one can be a greater proficient in this art than the leading French dramatists. *Paul Forestier*, for instance, placed happiness on the side of quiet domestic life, and misery on the side of disorder. Nevertheless the cause of disorder was the fascinating person, and matrimony wore but a humdrum aspect. There is no greater fallacy than the supposition that the moral to which a play ostensibly points is all-important to the public. A piece illustrative of some ethical maxim the soundness of which is above dispute may nevertheless abound in indecorous passages, the mischief of which is incalculably greater than the truth enforced by the catastrophe. This is actually the case with most French plays of the modern school. It is also the case with our *Jack Sheppard*. The whole tale of the burglar ostensibly carried out the unquestionable truth that violation of the criminal code of one's country will probably result in an untimely end. At the same time the process of law-breaking was rendered so exquisitely entertaining to boys of the lower class, that the moral professedly illustrated by the fate of Jack was met with the irrepressible doubt whether, after all, a short life and a merry one was not preferable to dull, respectable longevity.

Now M. Cadol, seeing that there is on the French stage something which is analogous to "the thing called pitch," and which, however handled, is sure to leave a stain, avoids touching it altogether. His comedy is directed, not against sexual sins, but against a love of useless luxurious ease which is perhaps more common on the Continent than in England or America. Although it is in four acts—now a favourite number—its plot is so simple that it can scarcely be reduced to a telling narrative. Paul de la Fortnoye, a nobleman whose age trembles on the close of the

eighteenth lustre, is the grand representative of mischievous inutility. He leads a single life, keeps open house for a party of dissipated friends, who game and feast night and day in the fond belief that they are amusing themselves, and is so utterly careless of the state of affairs that he imagines the revenue of his estates sufficient to cover his reckless expenditure, whereas the interest on the mortgages with which his property is encumbered exceeds his income, and he is only kept afloat by the magnanimity of Mesnard, a worthy manufacturer who has married his sister Pauline, and who even conceals from his wife the assistance he affords to her brother. About Paul minor "inutilities" are gathered—De Trevières, an elderly Baron of doubtful origin, whose title is his sole substance, a being expressly created to be useless, whereas of Paul better things might have been expected; and Henri de Potey, a very young man, who is useless against his will, simply because his father, a foolish, wealthy *bourgeois*, likes to see him ape the idleness and extravagance of the "quality." As an eminently useful person we have, as a contrast to the knot of idlers, M. Desrives, a notary, who has not a thought beyond his business and a modest hope of advancement, but who, though a man of perfect integrity, is evidently regarded by the author as too utilitarian to become an object of interest. The focus of attraction by which all the characters are concentrated into unity of action is Geneviève Seguin, an amiable young lady of fortune, related to Mesnard, who is moreover her guardian, and a general mark for the attentions of bachelors in want of wives. De Trevières sees in her wealth a convenient material for the repair of his own estate, and attacks her with insipid compliments; Desrives looks upon her as in all respects suitable to himself, and employs the good offices of Pauline; Henri de Potey is regarded as a chance on the cards; but the only genuine lover is Paul himself, who has been coaxed down into the country by his sister, anxious to rescue him from Parisian dissipation, and who, thus brought into contact with Geneviève, at once becomes deeply enamoured. But there is a difficulty with Geneviève, which arises from her extreme fastidiousness. She knows that she is wealthy, and she believes that she is far from handsome; hence she is inclined to attribute every attention she receives rather to a desire for her money than to admiration for herself, and, being remarkably sensitive, often sheds tears when other young ladies are expected to smile. At the end of the piece her union with Paul is a settled affair, but a great many delicate obstacles have to be surmounted before things are brought to this happy conclusion. Mesnard, while assisting his brother-in-law, has almost brought himself to ruin, and his generous ward would willingly repair his fortune with her own. He is, of course, too much a man of honour to accept her offer, and Paul, when he has learned the state of the family finances, feels a scruple in asking for the hand of Geneviève, where his suit might be ascribed to a mercenary motive. The lady herself cuts the knot by signing a resignation of her inheritance, without the privy of her friends; for thus Mesnard steps into her property as next of kin, and Geneviève and Paul are enabled to marry without suspicion of interestedness on either side, while the audience are left to hope that the useless man of fashion thrown on his own resources will become a profitable member of society. The plot of *Les Inutiles* is indeed its weakest part; its chief merit consisting in the delicate, though distinct, manner in which the personages are drawn, and in the easy grace of the dialogue, which, less epigrammatic than is commonly the case in French comedy, is throughout tasteful, natural, and free from all obvious straining at effect.

But it is on the negative virtues of his work that M. Cadol sets the highest value, and so thoroughly was he convinced of his extreme audacity in presenting to his countrymen a play in which no moral blemish was to be found, that on the night when his comedy was first performed at the Théâtre de Cluny he distributed an apologetic preface among the audience, which is now reprinted with the piece itself. In this preface, after declaring that his work is moral, he states that the question once occurred to him, whether it was altogether impossible to make an assembly of worthy folks laugh or cry by any other means than the exhibition of social sores. He then proceeds thus:—

Ceci posé, on a pris la question de face, sans marchander, sans louver. Aussi—vous le verrez—parmi les personnages, pas un coquin, pas une farceuse; comme moyen d'action, pas de papiers honteux, qu'un mystérieux inconnu garde, durant trente ans, pour les produire au dernier acte, afin de dénouer l'intrigue; pas d'adultère non plus; ni duel, ni guet-apens, ni bâtarde, ni boursier; pas même une pauvre petite substitution d'enfants; les dames de la pièce n'ayant point eu avant leur mariage, soit par surprise, à leur insu, durant le sommeil, soit autrement. On n'a pas même admis ces dévouements sublimes et poétiques, par lesquels une jeune fille, infiniment bonne, se livre à l'amour d'un homme indécrottable pour sauver celui que "son cœur aime." Nul se suicide, nul se vend, et l'on pousse le scrupule si loin que le sujet lui-même ne coule sur le déshonneur de personne.

By thus apologizing for his own shortcomings, M. Cadol contrives to give a very full and by no means overcharged description of the present state of the French stage.

JEBB'S SOPHOCLES.*

AN accidental tardiness in noticing these instalments of a Sophocles which promises to be one of the ablest and most useful editions published in this country must not be construed

* *The Electra of Sophocles*. Edited by R. C. Jebb, M.A., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1867.

The Ajax of Sophocles. Edited by R. C. Jebb, M.A. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1868.

into any lack of due appreciation of their value. It seemed best to wait till more than one play had issued from the press; but it is not too late to express the favourable impression which we have formed, from the two samples before us, of Mr. Jebb's eminent qualifications for the task of interpreting Sophocles. Eschewing the old fashion of furnishing merely a grammatical and textual commentary, he has concentrated very much of the interest of his edition in the excellent and exhaustive introductions which preface each play, and which, while excluding what is not strictly connected with the subject, discuss the real matter in hand with acuteness and tact, as well as originality and research.

Thus, for example, he limits his regard, when dealing with the collateral literature of the *Electra*, to a contrast between the Æschylean and the Sophoclean treatments of the story. This contrast, according to Mr. Jebb, is due in great measure to the conditions under which each dramatist worked—the former at a link in his chain or trilogy, which he sought to rivet consistently; the latter at an independent piece, without prelude, and without sequel. Hence the Sophoclean *Electra* is not agitated by feuds between clashing interests and duties, such as it might puzzle the most experienced casuist to determine. No balancing of claims and crimes here distracts our sympathy from Electra and Orestes, about whose call to avenge on Clytemnestra and her paramour the murder of their sire there is no difference of opinion—men, and gods, and natural feeling alike imposing it. Clytemnestra is not permitted, as in Æschylus, to win justification, or sympathy, on the score of previous wrong or feminine jealousy; but is lowered in the eyes of the audience by her tyrannical treatment of her daughter, and never achieves even that amount of interest which we accord to Lady Macbeth, or to the Queen in *Hamlet*. One touch of nature, it is true, Sophocles has, with exquisite tact, accorded to her, when he represents her, though interest and expediency prompt her to rejoice at the supposed fate of her son, yet yielding to a mother's pang at the loss of her child (vv. 766–768). The critics who suppose that outburst to be got up for the sake of acting are but sorry judges of human nature, whereas Mr. Jebb, both in his note on this passage and elsewhere, proclaims his adhesion to the very opposite school, as may be seen from his remark that “these few words of genuine grief humanize and therefore dramatize, Clytemnestra more vividly than anything in Æschylus.” Mr. Jebb, indeed, exhibits throughout his commentary that insight into the poet's mind, that appreciation of the coinage of the poet's brain, which is sometimes wanting to the most painstaking of editors. He can harmonize and collate different phases of the same character, and is not dismayed, after the manner of some, when she who, at the first tidings of her son's fate, gave way to natural anguish is shortly afterwards (in v. 807) described as “leaving the stage with an exultant air” (ἐγγέλσασα φροῦδος) because roused to a sense of the advantages accruing from the death of Orestes, by the surprise of the messenger at her indifference, and by the irritating laments of Electra. Not less ably does he analyse the characters of the two sisters—the key to that of Chrysothemis being “decorum,” τὸ κόσμον, while to Electra duty (τὸ καλόν) is all in all (872, note). In another place (v. 328, note) Mr. Jebb's remarks on the skill of Sophocles in bringing out Electra as protagonist, as contrasted with his two rivals, are so pertinent, and display so large a grasp of the ethical features of his subject, that we cannot refrain from transcribing them:—

In Sophocles Electra suffers on the scene of her father's murder—in the palace which should be her brother's—amidst the luxuries which should be her own. Hardest of all, the advantages which Electra has sacrificed to duty are paraded by the sister who should have been her ally, but is only her temptress—a weaker Goneril or Regan, serving as a foil to a more masculine Cordelia.—P. 34.

Nor has Mr. Jebb been less successful in hitting off, in his introduction, the main scope and the characteristic features of the *Ajax*. It is a highly plausible theory that in that play Sophocles welded into one the moral of both the Homeric epics, contrasting in the characters and fortunes of forceful Ajax, and patient, time-hiding Ulysses, the perils attaching to such fearless spirits as Achilles and the Salaminian hero, and the more sure triumphs of that wise self-restraint which is the theme of the *Odyssey*. He meets, too, in the only way in which it can be met, the objection to the seemingly inartistic construction of this play—the hero's death occurring when it is barely half over. The later scenes supply that portion of “the Death and Burial of Ajax,” as the drama might fitly be called, for which earlier dramas, as well as their sense of what was seemly, would have prepared the audience. “To the Greek mind,” writes the editor, “due burial was a matter of supreme concern; nothing could be more deeply, more painfully exciting than any uncertainty as to whether a hero with whom the spectators sympathized was, or was not, to receive funeral rites.” Of the tact and good sense which Mr. Jebb brings to bear on his study of the *Ajax*, no better illustration can be given than his note on *κῆν ἀποπτος ἦς* (v. 15), where the proper interpretation of the chief word involves a consideration of the question whether or not the goddess was visible on the stage at the opening of the drama, and during her colloquy with Odysseus. It is surely a descent to the ridiculous to accept the theory of her invisibility, and we are glad to see that Mr. Jebb has not only adopted the opposite view, but also maintained it as well by common-sense arguments, as by cogent parallels of divine personages appearing as well as speaking on the Attic stage.

But it must not be supposed that undue space is allotted to generalizations of character, or to disquisitions on points of the

kind just referred to. The motto of this edition would seem to be “*sum cuique*.” We recollect no edition of Greek plays where the stage directions are so good and so clear, and where the functions and position of chorus and actors are so lucidly discriminated in the notes. The illustration, too, of Aristotle's rules about Tragedy, by application to a special example, must conduce to create, in students whose minds are as yet hazy on such topics, a clearness which never would have arisen out of study of those rules in the abstract. Again, minuter attention is here paid to the metres of each strophe in the choruses than is to be found in most commentators. Take up Mr. Blaydes's unfinished edition of Sophocles in the *Bibliotheca Classica*, and the only hope of arriving at any elucidation of the choral metres is to snap haphazard at the jets of light which with difficulty peer out from the midst of long, jumbled notes about this, that, and the other. Now the first thing Mr. Jebb attempts at the opening of each chorus is a continuous exposition of the metres of each strophe, the reader being left to apply it to the corresponding antistrophe. This long-desired concession to the convenience of readers is a boon for which one cannot be too thankful. For thus each consideration has its own time and place, so that, when we have ascertained the metre and manner, we are able to proceed unencumbered to the grammar and the matter of the passage before us.

On these latter points there is much in Mr. Jebb's commentary to satisfy the needs of every class of readers. The advanced student will not lay down this volume after perusal without having gained two or three “wrinkles” which he will find serviceable when reading other samples of the Greek tragic drama; while younger hands may advantageously bestow any amount of pains on seeing that their affluence of suggestive hints will serve to render easier, not only the rest of Sophocles, but the works of his two compeers. We are indebted to Mr. Jebb for various nice pieces of verbal criticism. At the 320th line of the *Ajax*, for example, he notes the fitness of the word *ἐξηγῆτο*, a word used commonly of authoritative exposition, to be put in the mouth of Tecmessa, and suggest “the reverence with which she received the utterances of her husband.” On the word *ἀλμα*, “knave,” in the 381st line of the same play, which is derived from *ἀλῶ*, “to grind,” he shows how the notion of “finesse” underlies this word, as it does also *παπῶνα*, from *παπῶλη* (*πάλλω*), “fine meal.” On *El. 178*; *χρόνος γὰρ νύμφης διός*, it is pointed out that *νύμφης* is not so much “soothing” as “smoothing,” or “facile,” “bringing about the accomplishment of things which now seem hopeless”—cf. *Virg. Æn.* ix. 8. To this conclusion the derivation would, no doubt, lead us, but it is the gift of such annotators as Mr. Jebb to teach us this. In like manner, profit may be derived from Mr. Jebb's hints as to the sense of *καὶ* in such sentences as *καὶ τὴν μέτρον κακότητος ἴφν*; (*El. 236*), and of *ἡ καὶ* (“do you really”) in vv. 314, 385; of *μήπω* in v. 403, and of *μὲν* (“so”) in v. 516 *ibid.* There is real service done, too, by meeting the question whether *σώζω* or *σώζισθαι* should be read in *El. 438*, *ἀλλ' ὅταν θάνῃ, | κημήλι' αὐτῇ πάντα σώζισθω κάτω*, with a mid-course between Porson's canon, which is too narrow, and Hermann's, which is too broad. *Κημήλια*, as is here shown, fulfils neither of the descriptions of a neuter plural, to which Jebb's Grammar limits the use of a plural verb. It is not a case where (1) “*de animantibus agitur*,” nor (2) where “the idea of plurality is prominent.”

Of a kindred character are the nice distinctions, in which the notes of this edition abound, between cognate words such as *ἀπαί* and *ἑπὶνός* (*El. 111*), the former being commonly special, personal, and inactive, the latter general, public, and executive; or *ἰσπραὶ* and *πάνδημος πόλις* (*ibid. 982*), the one representing meetings for the special object of worship, the other larger gatherings in commemoration of a common descent. Other notes concern distinctions of a more syntactical character—e.g. between *ὅρα μὴ τίς τις* and *ὅρα μὴ τίς τις*, where the indicative marks certainty, the subjunctive only probability. Whether there is basis for the distinction at *El. 199* between *εἴτ' οὐν θεός, εἴτε βροτός*, and *εἴτε θεός εἴτ' οὐν βροτός*—namely, that *οὐν* in the first instance puts the alternatives on a par, while in the second “it introduces the second with a shade of fretful despondency”—may, we think, admit of question. Dindorf and Linwood treat them as used indifferently for the same thing.

We are glad to see that the editors of the *Catena Classica* do not adhere too rigidly to that portion of their programme which seemed to profess that their road was to be all new metal, no old materials being tolerated. To ostracize good matter, because trite, is a doubtful policy, for right is right, and cannot be too often enunciated. There is substance and satisfactoriness in the note on *ἔπικος* (*El. v. 189*); but adherence to such a rule would have precluded the quotation from *Il. xvi. 59*, *ὥς τι' ἀτρεχέον μετανάσσειν*, which has probably figured in almost every edition of Sophocles, as indeed by reason of its pertinency it is quite entitled to do. In several instances we have found the substance of Mr. Jebb's notes identical with those of Mr. Linwood; e.g. in *El. 958*:—

ποὶ γὰρ μενεῖς ῥέθυμος ἐς τὴν ἑλπίδων
βλέψας ἐτ' ὀρθήν;

The former explains “*ποὶ γὰρ*” i.e. *ποῖ—ἐς τὴν ἑλπίδων—βλέψας μενεῖς ῥέθυμος*; to what quarter—to what hope can you look, &c. cf. v. 996; while the latter notes “*ποὶ* ad *βλέψας* pertinere vidit Monkius, sc. *ποὶ γὰρ, ἐς τὴν ἑλπίδων βλέψας μενεῖς ῥέθυμος*,” the pith of both notes being the same. In interpreting another passage later in the play, 1007–8—

οὐ γὰρ θανὼν ἐχέσθων, ἀλλ' ὅταν θανῇ
χρῆζων τις αἶτα μηδὲ τοῦτ' ἔχῃ λαβεῖν,

not only does Mr. Jebb not scorn the steps of his predecessors, but he even embodies, in a somewhat diffuse paraphrase, a sense which Hermann had cleared up by the brief explanation "carcerem et lentos cruciatus timet." We may reasonably doubt whether Greek plays will ever be edited without large repetition of the lucubrations of others. Enough if the newest workmen contribute some new tools or methods to the work. The present editor has done this. He has not only, as we have seen, nicely defined shades of meaning and peculiarities of syntax, but has also now and then struck out a new path, and ventured on independent explanations, which commend themselves by their probability even where they differ from the interpretations of predecessors. Thus in *Electra's* allusion to Agamemnon's murder by Clytemnestra (444-5)—

ὅφ' ἤς θανὼν ἄνιμος, ὥστε ἐνσμενής,
ἱμασχαλίσθη, καπὶ λουτρῶσιν κάρη
κηλίδας ἱξμαίνει,

it has been usual to explain the last clause by changing the subject of the verb from Agamemnon to Clytemnestra, and to translate "and for a purification she wiped off the stains of blood on his head." Shrinking from so harsh a construction, Mr. Jebb tries back to the natural subject of the verb, and, taking it with κηλίδας as meaning, which it well may, "took the print of the sword-stains," gets an interpretation which is not only ingenious, but less at variance with ordinary syntax:—"And by way of funeral ablution received the point of the sword-stains on his head."

At emendation, when he attempts it—though this, as might be expected of a good scholar, is but seldom—Mr. Jebb is also generally successful; and not less so in the exercise of that sort of ingenuity which, in the case of various conflicting emendations of some obscure passages, contrives to evoke light somehow. Take, for example, as a sample of his emendatorial skill these lines from the third chorus of the *Electra* (1085-9),

ὧς καὶ σὺ πάγκρατον αἶψα κοινὸν εἶλον,
τὸ μὴ καλὸν καθοπλίσσας δύο φέρειν ἐν ἑνὶ λόγῳ,
σοφὰ τ' ἀρίστα τε παῖς κεκλήσθαι.

The first four words of the second verse defy coherent elucidation. Mr. Linwood tries to give a sense to the words as they stand—*e. g.* "organizing that which is not a pious act in itself (matricide) so as to win two things on one score," *i. e.*, the credit of piety and the discredit of impiety by the same act. This palpable awkwardness is not got rid of by Hermann, Dindorf, or Schneidewin. By substituting τὸ μὴ κατοικνύν, ἰππίσας for the four obscure words above-mentioned, Mr. Jebb extracts from the sentence a very intelligible meaning. "Even as thou also hast chosen a life of tears and sympathy (with the dead, κοινόν); instead of hesitating (lit. "so as not to hesitate") in the hope of winning two kinds of praise on one score"—the praise of being a prudent, and a pious, daughter. Taking into account the contrast throughout the whole play between *Electra's* singleness of purpose and Chrysothemis's attempts to square caution and duty, it seems highly probable that this emendation, or some words conveying a similar sense, may give the true key to the enigma.

A corrupt passage in the *Ajax* will exhibit Mr. Jebb's skill in making the best that can be made of the guesses and solutions of others. The passage is commonly read thus:—

ἐγὼ δ' ὃ τλάμων παλαῖς ἀφ' οὗ χρόνος
Ἰδαία μίμνω λιμὼνι ἄποινα, μνηῶν
ἀνιρθεὶς αἶν ἐνὶ νόμῳ
χρόνῳ τρυχέμενος.—*Ajax*, 600-4.

To take Ἰδαία λιμὼνι ἄποινα as meaning "a reward for (a long campaign upon) Ida's meadows," is to give the words a pregnant force "too strained for Sophocles." There is a difficulty, too, in seeing the point of ἐνὶ νόμῳ in its natural sense. Out of a conjecture of Bergk, not otherwise very helpful, Mr. Jebb picks ἐνὶ νόμῳ as a substitute for ἐνὶ νόμῳ, and for ἄποινα, in v. 601, reads ἐπ' αὐτὰ (which seems to be corroborated by the variant μῆλων, a gloss probably on ἐπ' αὐτὰ). His only other change is μίμνω for μίμνω; and the sense then works out as follows, "Tarrying through countless months I ever make my couch in the quarters (ἐπ' αὐτὰ) on the plains of Troy." With ἐνὶ νόμῳ ἐπ' αὐτὰ he compares *Agam.* 176, σῖμα σιμὸν ἡμῖνον, and with the idea of bivouacking set forth in ἐνὶ νόμῳ, the well-known passage in *Agamemnon* 542-5, and vv. 1206-10 of the *Ajax*.

In reading Mr. Jebb's notes on these plays we have rarely, if ever, found any mention of the Oxford editor of Sophocles, Mr. Linwood, whose views, where we have compared the two, are frequently antagonistic. At *Electr.* 698, for instance, Mr. Jebb's brief note is "ἱππικὸν masc." Mr. Linwood on the same passage writes "ἱππικὸν generis neutrius esse vidit Schaeferus." Doctors must disagree, we suppose; but there is ample room for both editions, and those who have read Sophocles already with Mr. Linwood's notes cannot possibly do better than supplement the sound scholarship, thus imbued, by the rare and valuable knowledge which Mr. Jebb has brought to bear on the *Electra* and the *Ajax*.

CAST UP BY THE SEA.*

FROM the minute and matter-of-fact detail of personal travel and exploration to the boundless realm of fiction and imagination is about as wide a step as a writer can well be conceived

to take. Not only is there the transition, so to speak, from the narrow river of individual life to the broad ocean of fancy, but faculties widely different in character are called for in the two cases. It must always be with a considerable amount of uncertainty, not to say of apprehension, that we behold an author who has made himself a name by the unadorned and truthful recital of what he has seen, suffered, or surmounted, come forward as an adventurer upon the totally opposite element of fiction. Into that illimitable sea, where so many founder, and in which there are so many liabilities to shipwreck, he seems to venture like a mariner in a craft of untried powers and capacities, without chart or sailing directions, upon waters of unknown roughness and depth. Sir Samuel Baker has inspired the public with so much confidence in his straightforward, natural, and hearty way of describing life in its simplest and least conventional forms, that a natural misgiving may be felt as to how far this reputation will be fortified or impaired by an experiment in the creation of characters or scenery of a fictitious or representative kind. It is true that he can plead for himself as not having been left wholly to his own original or spontaneous promptings in entering upon this novel and possibly perilous enterprise. Since the publication of the *Albert Nyanza* and the *Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*, he has been besieged, he tells us, by letters "from boys to whom he was entirely unknown, and who remain unknown to him at this moment except through the medium of their spontaneous correspondence," expressive of their youthful enthusiasm for the life of adventure led by the writer and his wife, and of lively admiration for their bold and successful struggle with so many difficulties. This outburst of boyish spirit impelled him to make some return for sympathies so much in keeping with his own love for what is most fresh and stirring in life. And what seemed to have presented itself as most natural and appropriate to the occasion was the idea of a work of fiction blending with it so much of the facts of history or of actual experience as might enhance its impressiveness and reality, and so take the stronger hold of the class of minds to whom it was primarily addressed. There was much, we may add, in the temperament of the writer's own mind, as shown in his previous lifelike and speaking narrative, which was sure not to fail him in the exigencies of his novel task. Exploration and travel in its most varied forms had made him acquainted with manifold types of men and life, while reading had combined with experience to store his memory with incidents and records of adventure. A degree of reality was thus imparted to the creations of his fancy which could hardly be expected in the mere conceptions of gentlemen who stay at home at ease. We are not prepared to say that the tale before us would of itself have raised the author's name to high literary rank. Nor do we consider it to prove that his forte lies in pictures drawn from pure imagination. Like most works of fiction the strength of which turns upon incident rather than character, it is best calculated to interest and charm the young. For that class of minds, we must remember, it was primarily composed. And though we cannot promise the author that width of sympathy on which he in his dedication counts hopefully, "from all boys alike, from eight years old to eighty," he may, we think, within the limits of all true and promising boyhood, rely upon a reception sufficiently cordial to repay him amply for the effort.

"Adventures," we are told by Mr. Disraeli, speaking by the mouth of Ixion, "are for the adventurous." The maxim is certainly justified in the instance before us by the profusion in which risks, hairbreadth escapes, marvels by sea and land, and incidents of the most startling and sensational kind crowd upon the youthful adventurers whose fortunes and exploits fill the pages before us. Never since the time of Sindbad did peril and disaster, tempest and shipwreck, monsters of the deep or enemies of the land, combine to beset and persecute any unfortunate son of the sea as they combine against Ned Grey and his companions in adventure. And never did Crusoe himself in his utmost need face difficulty and danger with greater cheerfulness, or show himself more prompt and full of resource in meeting and overcoming them. Never did even Ulysses, the much-enduring and daring man, tumble out of one trial or labour into another with more celerity or adroitness. Into Ned Grey's career of a few years are compressed, in fact, the whole ten years' mishaps and experiences of the great Greek's voyage to Ithaca, with the perils of Troy thrown in to double the amount. Our hero may be said literally to be cradled in adversity. The frontispiece shows him to us "cast up by the sea," an infant not many days old, snugly packed in a box lashed on an impromptu raft of empty barrels, while the lovely corpse of his fair-haired mother is found floating upon the waves. No vestiges remain—and no efforts, oddly enough, seem to have been made—to reveal the name of the vessel which has come to wreck upon the coast of Devon. A rich Indian shawl, some trinkets of value, and two hundred pounds in gold packed with the infant, are kept sacredly by its rescuers in the vague hope of light being some day thrown upon the mystery. It would imply a strange distrust of the story-teller's orthodoxy were the reader to doubt for a moment the ultimate clearing up of the secret, the clue to which is here laid by till the proper occasion. It is no part of ours to anticipate the dénouement. Suffice it that admirers of *Paul Clifford* will concede the fact of its faithfulness to established precedent, with the exceptional point in its favour that neither does scandal attach itself to the parentage, nor more than the faintest stain of crime to the personal career of the hero. Such moral shadow as may be suffered to flit over it for a while is, after all, but of a kind to pass with most people, and at most times, as conventional and venial. At the time of the

* *Cast Up by the Sea*. By Sir Samuel W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S., &c. With Illustrations by Huard. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

late French war, and among the population of the sea-coast, it almost rose into a virtue; combining, as it did, the assertion of free rights against an arbitrary impost with deeds of daring and skill dear to the national heart. It is in the line of contraband trade with France, in articles which the long war made exceptionally and extravagantly dear, that Ned—under the auspices of his foster-parents, Paul Grey and his handsome and spirited but childless Polly—takes his plunge into a sea of troubles, perils, and eventual triumphs. The cruises of the smart lugger, the *Polly*, furnish themes for description quite in the manner of Captain Marryat. Despite the malignant arts and spells of Mother Lee—an old crone strongly suspected of witchcraft, and burning with jealousy of the happy seaman's wife and her blooming foster-boy—the saucy craft plies her adventurous calling in the teeth of revenue cruisers and French privateers. Goodly store of smuggled wealth fills the secret cave behind Paul's cottage on the cliff. The friendly hints of the active one-armed lieutenant of the coastguard—Joe Smart, secretly in love with the buxom Polly—fail to check the flow of enterprise. The revenue cutter, close on the heels of the *Polly* at the close of one successful trip, is lured upon the rocks by the bale-fire of Mother Lee, in revenge upon the officers of the Crown for the loss of her husband, who has been hung for piracy and murder. A terrible scene occurs at the foot of the cliff, where a handful of drowning men, upon a mast with their officer, battle for life with the boiling surf:—

"Lord help us!" screamed a voice of agony; "help!"

"Hold fast!" was again heard, as the breakers forced the entire length of the mast broadside on against the rocks, and jammed the unfortunate men against the cliff.

Old Mother Lee had stood up, and she leant over the cliff, listening to the terrible struggle for life.

"Ha! ha!" she chuckled.

"Lord help us!"

"I'll help ye! Yer helped my Stephen, didn't yer? Here's help for yer! and here! And here's more help! Curses on yer! here's more help! Ha! ha! I heard that strike! D'ye like it? Here's another!"

The old woman, with incredible strength, in a frenzy of fury lifted large blocks of stone from the rocky ground, and showered them at random upon the unfortunate sailors below. A fragment of stone of many pounds' weight fell upon the head of the gallant captain with a dull crash, and his lifeless body slipped from the mast and disappeared amidst the surf. Another, and then a third, succumbed to the pitiless shower of stones which the old hag rolled without intermission from the height. Two men had been crushed to death against the cliff by the mast driven by the surf. Only one remained; several rocks bounded past him, and two had struck the mast within a few inches of his hands.

Just at this moment Paul and Ned arrived, and found Mother Lee in the act of heaving another piece of rock over the edge of the cliff; in her excitement she had neither heard them approach, nor had she seen the light, as her attention had been directed below.

Startled at the unexpected sight of the old woman, Paul halted for a moment just as she hurled a large stone over the precipice. At the same time, a loud cry of distress from beneath rang upon his ear. The horrible truth flashed upon him as Mother Lee turned round, and he read the deed in the fearful expression of her features.

"Cursed old fiend!" shouted Paul, as he seized her by the waist, and lifting her like an infant in the air, he swung her above his head; and in another moment Mother Lee would have been flying over the rock into the boiling surf had not Ned caught Paul's arm, and checked his first impulse of retribution.

Ned's daring is rewarded by the rescue of the single survivor of the crew, a black boy, who becomes his faithful and inseparable companion—the man Friday of his subsequent thrilling adventures in foreign parts. A love episode with the rector's charming and ingenuous daughter, Edith Jones, agreeably diversifies the current of risks and exploits, but is abruptly cut short when Ned and "Nigger Tim" are swept off the beach by a press-gang led by the odious and cowardly Jem Stevens, the rival suitor for Edith's good graces. Her big and brave Newfoundland dog Nero forms their companion in exile, and their saviour in many a hazard by sea and land. Meanwhile Ned's disappearance, falling in with the murder of rector Jones that very night—Ned's name too being the last word upon the dying clergyman's lips—involves the missing youth in the suspicion of guilt, in which his foster-father also innocently shares. A verdict of wilful murder is brought in against them both. The secret of the smuggler's cave is betrayed by Mother Lee, and its stores, including the relics "cast up by the sea," are taken possession of in the King's name. The old hag, following up her scheme of hatred and revenge, and scenting according to her diabolical wont "more luck from the sou'-west," attempts to lure the *Polly*, together with the man-of-war in pursuit, upon the rocks; but, catching fire from her own tar-barrels, meets a horrible though righteous death. The interest of the story from this point is divided, to be carried on alternately between the fortunes of Paul in desperate sea-fights and French prisons, those of the sad and weary watchers at home, and those of the two bold lads and their four-footed companion afloat. An extra touch of reality is given to the tale by the introduction of the famous sea-fight between the *Sibylle* and the *Forte*, from James's *Naval History*. The subsequent loss of the latter with her prize crew is hardly less vividly real. Readers of naval romance need not quarrel either with the probabilities which leave Ned, Tim, and Nero the sole apparent survivors of the wreck, or with the bounty wherewith good luck throws in their way everything needful, first for a long raft voyage, and next for the encounter with savage life on the African continent. At this point Sir S. Baker's special knowledge of Africans and their ways stands him in good stead, and he makes liberal use of the materials at his command. We are almost out of breath with the exploits and hazards which crowd upon us at every page. Our young adventurers cross burning deserts

and foaming torrents, singly face the lion and the elephant, and bag the hippopotamus and the giraffe. Tim, through recalling the language of his boyhood, makes a way to the heart of more than one native race, and Ned, copying the precedent of Columbus, rises almost to divine honours through foretelling an eclipse, for introducing which without the authority of the almanac the author thinks it fit to make an apology. We come upon a succession of rapidly shifting tableaux, of tribes ferocious or gentle, wary old chiefs and gushing negro maids, envious magicians and medicine men, and lovely amazon queens. Through the jealousy or hatred of the one sex, and the far more perilous endearments of the other, our hero's constancy and courage pass triumphant, bereft as he is in turn of the watchful Nero and the faithful Tim, till we hail with satisfaction his safe return to England, home, and beauty. The moral unities of the tale are upheld throughout, not only by a delicacy of tone which renders it safe and fitting for the perusal of the young, but by a dealing out of substantial justice, which rewards the suffering good and deprives the wicked of their triumph.

The style of the book bears throughout the impress of the writer's own healthy and vigorous enjoyment of life, and if somewhat free scope is given to the imagination, there is nothing of sickly sentiment, or of any pandering to the love of the horrible. The narrative has been vigorously seconded by the lively though somewhat idealistic pencil of the illustrator. Nautical critics might possibly find professional holes to pick here and there in the records of deeds afloat. Much as Sir S. Baker has seen of life by sea as well as land, he can hardly have met with a lugger which had a "spanker" to be shot away, as befalls the *Polly* in an action with the French privateer, or a boom to be "slacked off" as she is cut out from under the guns of the corvette. Greater risks than those of facing savage tribes beset the landsman who ventures into the technical details of seamanship. In judging the general merits of the book as a fiction, it is only fair to keep in mind the class of readers for whose behoof it was specially designed. Should it be thought by professed novel-readers too rude or inartistic in respect to plot, or of too tough a fibre as respects such or such of its thickly-spun and inexhaustible yarns, it may turn out all the healthier and more digestible food for simpler and less blasé stomachs. We may envy the appetite with which the schoolboys so near to the writer's heart will sit down to the rich feast of marvel and adventure that he has spread before them.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

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MR. CHARLES DICKENS will Preside at the DINNER to be given in behalf of the Funds of the NEWSVENDERS' BENEVOLENT and PROVIDENT INSTITUTION, at Freemasons' Tavern, on 10th of April next.

INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS.—NOTICE. The NINTH ANNUAL MEETING of the INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS will take place at Twelve o'clock, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 18th, 19th, and 20th of March, at the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London. There will also be EVENING MEETINGS on Thursday and Friday, at seven o'clock. Papers on the Principles of Naval Construction, on Practical Shipbuilding, on Steam Navigation, on the Equipment and Management of Ships for Merchandise and for War, will be read at this Meeting.

CHARLES CAMPBELL, Assistant-Secretary.
9 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C., January 1869.

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